The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The September Bookman will contain a fully illustrated centenary article on Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe by Walter Jerrold. Among other important articles in this number will be "The Comic Spirit in George Meredith," by Dr. James Moffatt; "Ruskin," by Arthur Waugh; "Shakespeariana," by Darrell Figgis; "Friendly Faces of Three Nationalities," by Roger Ingpen; and "Fournier's 'Napoleon,'" by Dr. William Barry.

In view of the commemoration of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's centenary, it is interesting to note that, according to the classified list of current reprints in "The Literary Year-Book," no fewer than eleven different editions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are, as the phrase has it, "on the market" to-day. It is obtainable, for example, in Blackie's Standard Library and Library of Famous Books, in Cassell's People's Library, in Dent's Everyman's Library, in Nelson's Sixpenny Classics, in Pitman's Anglo-Saxon Library, in Walter Scott's Emerald and Million Series, in Ward Lock's Favourite Classics, and in Warne's Chandos Classics and Cabinet Classics. If such continuing republication means anything, it means that Uncle Tom has secured his place among the immortals.

Mr. Max Beerbohm has written a novel—a sort of travesty or parody which he is calling "Zuleika Dobson," and that is said to be as unlike the novels of contemporary novelists as his caricatures are unlike the drawings of other contemporary caricaturists. The book will be published by Mr. Heinemann next month.

Miss Marie Corelli's world-wide circle of admirers will be pleased to hear that she has completed a new romance, "Life Everlasting," which Messrs. Methuen will publish early in the autumn. In this story Miss Corelli returns to something of the manner and the atmosphere of her first and one of her most successful books, "A Romance of Two Worlds"; it is a story of the passionate love of a mortal for an immortal, dealing imaginatively with the mysteries of the unseen, and propounding some startling suggestions on the causes of life and of death.

Miss Clara E. Laughlin, who is very well known in America and winning an increasing reputation in this country, has finished a new novel, "Every-

body's Lonesome," that Messrs. Putnam's are publishing in September. Just now Miss Laughlin is in Europe on a three months' holiday tour, and is dividing her time mainly between Italy, Switzerland, and England.

Mrs. Lilian Arnold, whose "Also Joan" was published the other day by Mr. John Long, is a journalist of considerable experience, and her first novel, "Liege Lady," which embodied many recollections of her early life in Germany, met with a very favourable reception some five or six years ago. Mrs. Arnold's first published story was one that was accepted by Mr. Jerome for the pages of *To-Day*. Soon afterwards she joined the staffs of *St. Paul's* and *Madame*, and in 1907 succeeded Lady Colin Campbell as editor of the *Ladies' Field*. At the outset of her journalistic career, when she was on the way to the office of a certain journal, she happened to lose her purse, and to pay her way home again succeeded in borrowing half a crown from a sympathetic sub-editor who had never seen her before; and yet we are sometimes told that the age of chivalry is dead.

Max Beerbohm.
From a painting by W. W. Russell.
(By permission of the Artist.)

Among the most memorable celebrations of the Thackeray Centenary last month were the dinner given to the brothers of the Charterhouse by the members of the Titmarsh Club, the exhibition of Thackeray relics that was opened with an eloquent address by Lord Rosebery, and the reception held by Lady Ritchie and the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* in the Middle Temple Garden. At the dinner, which took place in the Charterhouse, the Master, who was in the chair, Sir Algernon West, and Mr. J. A. Foote, K.C., told some interesting personal recollections of Thackeray, and Mr. Anthony Hope, replying to the toast of the Titmarsh Club, paid a high tribute to the character and the work of the great novelist. The reception on July 18 was attended by a large and distinguished company. Mr. Cyril Maude gave readings, in the Middle Temple Hall, from "The Newcomes" and "Pendennis," and a charming selection of songs, including three of Thackeray's, was sung by the choristers and ex-choristers of the Temple Church under the direction of Dr. Walford Davies. Among the guests were Sir. F. C. Gould, Sir Sidney Lee, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. and Mrs. Hinkson, Judge Parry and his daughter, Mr. Bram Stoker, and Mr. William de Morgan.

The current *Pall Mall Magazine* contains an attractive article on "Thackeray and My Father," by Mrs. Kate Perugini, the younger daughter of Charles Dickens. It gives very pleasant glimpses of the kindlier, homelier side of Thackeray's character, and tells again, but from personal knowledge, of the quarrel that estranged him and Dickens for a time, with Thackeray's version of how they were reconciled.

We congratulate our contemporary, the *Press*, of Christchurch, New Zealand, on the achievement of its jubilee, and its present editor, Mr. W. H. Triggs, on the excellent Jubilee Number he has issued in honour of the occasion. To us, one of the most interesting facts in connection with the paper is that Samuel Butler was at one time on its staff, and the Jubilee Number reproduces two articles that he originally wrote for the *Press*, and afterwards expanded into his famous satire, "Erewhon." Other interesting features of this number are the long biographical sketch of the founder of the *Press*, James Edward Fitzgerald, a history of the paper's progress, and the reminiscences of Professor Sale, its first editor, who is now living in retirement in England.

Mr. Walter Emanuel has written and Mr. John Hassall illustrated a delightfully humorous extravaganza called "A Hundred Years Hence: Being Some Extracts from the *Hourly Mail* of A.D. 2000"

(Eveleigh Nash). The satire of pictures and letterpress alike is so joyously frivolous and entirely good-natured that we can recommend the book as a shilling's worth of the best of good fun that will rouse nothing but laughter even in its victims.

Messrs. Cassell have just added Mr. J. M. Barrie's famous novel "The Little Minister" to their shilling cloth-bound series.

Mr. A. M. S. Methuen has issued as a timely twopenny booklet "A Simple Plan for a New House of Lords" (Methuen), discussing concisely and lucidly the present deadlock between the two Houses, and making some practical suggestions for reform that are well worth the consideration of both political parties. Here we have no politics, and shall say no more than that Mr. Methuen's plan is an eminently sound and reasonable one.

On July 5, under the auspices of the Poetry Society, a meeting was held at Wimborne House, by permission of Lord and Lady Ashby St. Ledgers, and Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves delivered an address on Welsh Poetry and gave readings from his own translations of Welsh poetry past and present. Other readings were admirably rendered by Lady St. Davids, and Welsh songs were sung, in Welsh and English, by Miss Dilys Jones, Mrs. Harry Bedford, and Mr. Powell Edwards. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Aberdare took the chair. Mr. Graves's address was of exceptional interest, but we are bound to say his assertions that a certain early Welsh poet rivalled Chaucer, and that Wales had produced poetry as great as any that had been produced by England, were not borne out by any of the poems he quoted, good as many of them were. They were pretty, tender, imaginative, warlike, but in none of them was there that largeness of thought and greatness of idea that make the great poem.

Messrs. Greening are publishing this autumn a new novel by Mr. Rathmell Wilson, which he is calling "Crimson Wings."

On its appearance, a little while back, Mrs. George Cran's travel-book, "A Woman in Canada," met with notable success both in this country and in the Dominion. A cheap reissue of the work is now in preparation and Mr. Ham Smith will publish it.

By permission of the proprietor of "Vanity Fair." **Max Beerbohm.**
From a caricature by "Sic."

Mr. Heinemann announces for the 1st of this month a first novel of more than common interest. Its title is "A Portentous History"; it tells the story of the inner and outer life of a Scotch boy who becomes a giant marvel in a circus, and its author, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, is a grandson of the great Poet Laureate—surely the grandson "Alfred" whom Tennyson referred to, in the charming dedicatory lines of "The First Quarrel," as a child—

> "Crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine. . . .
> Glorious poet who never hast written a line."

Mr. Storer Clouston has written a new humorous novel, "The Mystery of No. 47," which will be published in book form in the autumn, after it has finished its serial appearance in *London Opinion*.

"The Altar of Moloch" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Kineton Parkes that Mr. John Ouseley is publishing shortly.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Son are publishing next month a critical and historical study of Modern Italian Literature by Mr. Lacy Collison-Morley.

Some few years ago Miss Nora Vynne was well known as a frequent contributor of short stories to the magazines and as the author of several successful novels, one of which, "The Priest's Marriage," has recently been issued in a cheap edition. But, making acquaintance with the late Miss Helen Blackburn (with whom she wrote an admirable book on "Women under the Factory Acts"), she was drawn from literature into politics, and made a new reputation for herself as a brilliant lecturer and debater much in demand at clubs and women's political societies, and for many a month was left with no time to write more than an occasional short story and one or two serials. With her novel "The Pieces of Silver," that Mr. Melrose has just published, Miss Vynne resumes her literary career, and has gathered up into this book much of her ten years of personal experience among the working-classes. She has already made considerable progress with another novel, dealing partly with English and partly with American life, and hopes to have it ready for publication this autumn.

Photo by Kate Pragnell. **Miss Nora Vynne.**

Mr. Austin Philips, whose second book of short stories, "A Budget of Tares" (Smith, Elder), we review on another page, has nearly completed a long novel on which he has been engaged for over twelve months. It is, he says, a serious attempt to show "the harm that is being done to the race by pretentious intellectual antinomianism and miscalled 'modernity,' to prove the sanity of the provinces (the sole of the national boot), and generally to reveal, in a romance full of drama and action, what the decent, clean-living, industrious, game-playing professional man who gets on with his job thinks of Socialism—not the honest Socialism of the underdog, but the artificial Socialism of the literary person who has no broad, first-hand knowledge of life." He is busy, as always, with the writing of short stories, and at present has a one-act play touring with one of Mr. Lyn Harding's companies.

Photo by Wills, Wadebridge. **Mr. Austin Philips.**

Leaving Malvern College in 1892, Mr. Austin Philips entered the Post Office, which has been the incubator of several successful authors, including Anthony Trollope and Mr. W. W. Jacobs. Mr. Philips started in 1893 as a sorting clerk and telegraphist, but presently obtained an appointment in the Confidential Enquiry Branch of that Department and spent several years in travelling about the United Kingdom investigating all manner of Post Office crime, unmasking and locking up dishonest postmen by means of test-letters, and so forth, until the work becoming more and more odious to him,

and no prospect of advancement appearing, he applied five years ago for the postmastership of Droitwich, at a loss of income, secured it, and then started to write. From the first his idea was to write clean but realistic drama for the better class of fiction magazines, and the results have certainly justified him in his belief that he could do so with success. His output in these last five years has, apart from a good deal of verse contributed to the *Westminster, Pall Mall, Evening Standard*, etc., comprised about a hundred short stories which have appeared in the *Cornhill, Strand, Windsor, Nash's*, and other magazines. He collected certain of his service stories into "Red Tape," which Messrs. Smith, Elder published last year, and has now made a further collection, in "A Budget of Tares," this time of romantically realistic stories dealing with middle-middle-class life. Last month he resigned from the Post Office, realising, he says, "that it is no place for any one outside the thirty or forty 'Higher Division' examination-recruited class. In the writing-world nothing could possibly have exceeded the extraordinary kindness, encouragement, and help which editors have given me from the start, but in the Civil Service the door is banged in the face of the industrious, and locked tightly, and ambition—quite modest ambition—appears to be looked upon as bad form."

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Beckles Willson,**
Whose "Nova Scotia" (Constable) is reviewed on page 221.

Mrs. Horlick (Jittie Horlick),
A new novelist whose book, "A String of Beads," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

As hon. secretary of the Dickens Centenary Commitee, Mr. Beckles Willson has been doing much useful work in connection with the Testimonial Scheme and the sale of the Dickens Stamp. He is busily engaged at present in endeavouring to ascertain, with the assistance of librarians, booksellers, and others, how many copies of Dickens's works are in existence in the United Kingdom. It is estimated, averaging by three or four typical parishes, that there are over two million volumes in Yorkshire alone. Mr. Willson believes there are Dickens lovers, especially clergymen and physicians, who could from personal knowledge give an estimate of the average number of copies there are per house or family in their own districts, and he will be grateful to any helpers who will communicate such information to him.

The portrait of Mr. Max Beerbohm that is given as our presentation plate and also reproduced on the cover of this number is from a drawing by Mr. William Rothenstein. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. William Nicholson, and Mr. W. W. Russell, who have kindly permitted us to reproduce their portraits of Mr. Beerbohm; to Mr. Walter Jerrold for the loan of the caricature by Mr. Will Owen; to the proprietor of *Vanity Fair* for the use of "Sic's" caricature; to the proprietors of the *Daily News*, the *Tatler*, and the *Graphic* for lending us photographs of certain of Mr. Beerbohm's caricatures; to Messrs. Ernest Brown & Phillips, of the Leicester Galleries, for lending the original drawings of seven others; and to Mr. Heinemann for allowing the reproduction of two of the caricatures from "Poets' Corner."

For much assistance with the general illustrations our thanks are due to Messrs. Duckworth, Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Longmans, Mr. Grant Richards, and Mr. Fisher Unwin.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS. *August 1 to September 1, 1911.*

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"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. A. NEIL LYONS.

THREE years ago Mr. John Lane published a book called "Arthur's." No one seemed to know anything about the author, but the fame of his book increased as the snowball. Having read it we were constrained to recommend it to all our friends, who, in their turn, spread wider still the tidings of its many excellences. Not satisfied with writing reviews of "Arthur's," the critics talked about it. Here was that rare bird, a new humorist of outstanding merit, with, moreover, something really serious at the back of his work. Wise people have called that something a social conscience. I do not think that is a very pretty name for it; it smacks overmuch of Movements and Politics and Professional Reformers, all which things have as a rule very little to do with real art or even with real humour. One can find a better. Why not call it the Spirit of Tolerance? The temperamental inclination to live and let live is, after all, the most admirable attitude for an artist.

Mr. A. Neil Lyons.

With all his Socialism Mr. Lyons is first and foremost an artist, and here is matter for rejoicing, in that it is an infectious disease this that he has escaped, and prejudicial to art, and all the new gods of English literature have caught it more or less badly. I was reminded of the fact recently in the Leicester Galleries. "Max" has seen it too. R. L. Stevenson, "revisiting the Glimpses" under the guidance of Mr. Gosse, has discovered Messrs. Wells, Bennett, Shaw, Galsworthy, Chesterton, and Cunninghame-Graham, posed together on a platform in attitudes of declamation. "Now that you have shown me the new preachers and politicians," says R. L. S., "show me some of the men of letters." "My dear Louis," answers Mr. Gosse, "these *are* the men of letters."

The author of "Arthur's," and after that of "Sixpenny Pieces," and thereafter of "Cottage Pie," was born thirty-one years ago at Kimberley, South Africa. He was brought to England for the sake of the education implanted in him by the authorities of Bedford Grammar School. When he was seventeen he went South again to rejoin his relations in Johannesburg. Now the guardians of Mr. Lyons's youth had ideas on the subject of his career, ideas that were excellent enough in their way but which failed in their appeal to Mr. Lyons himself by reason of his having already developed certain critical qualities. At eighteen he did not know at all what he wanted to be, so they articled him to a solicitor, and he realised that anyway he did not want to be a solicitor. Then his family came home, and he with them, to his next adventure in a London accountant's office. Accountancy amused him even less than soliciting, so Mr. Lyons joined the Volunteers for the sake of gaining a little occasional relief from office routine, which action was to prove of much more importance than might have been expected.

The Volunteer force became for Mr. Lyons the gateway to Literature, and it happened after this fashion. A friend on the staff of the *Critic* suggested that an occasional paragraph on volunteering matters would be of interest to the readers of that journal, and that the corresponding emoluments, however slender, might prove a useful addition to the relatively exiguous stipend attached to his young friend's position as "something in the City." Mr. Lyons was in cordial agreement, and forthwith thumped out a bright little effort on his employer's typewriter. "Young man," said his friend, "this is excessively well written. We should like a lot of this. Suppose you come here and do it." So Mr. Lyons became a journalist, and we find him, at eighteen, treading the stones of the Street of Adventure with an air of "I belong here" not surpassed by the oldest inhabitant.

A few months, and Mr. Lyons, along with his journalistic godfather, was translated to the staff of the *Topical*

Times, now defunct. Fortune continued to smile. At twenty he was earning nearly four pounds a week, and was grown, he confesses, altogether too big for his boots. His sketches of the low life of London were a feature of his paper. Its front page scintillated with his wit and wisdom. Weekly, at his bidding, ten thousand happy families gathered round as many comfortable hearths and laughed till the family welkin rang again. He was a genius. He was indispensable. Happy thought, he would resign. Deaf to the tearful protestations of his employers, and spurning proffered "rises," however enormous, he would look around him for fresh worlds to conquer. He would, if it were tactfully offered him, accept a position as special writer on one of the great dailies. He resigned. In three months it had been very firmly brought home to him that editors were a boorish and uncultivated race, without discrimination or manners.

I believe I am right in saying that Mr. Lyons's next few years were lean years. True, he had published two books, but the start thus apparently afforded was a false start, properly regarded. "Hookey" and "Matilda's Mabel" were good as 'prentice work goes. But their author was still a boy, a precocious boy if you will, yet not quite having grasped the perspective of things, lacking almost completely in experience, and having had as yet no worries. His friends had flattered him, and he had thought seriously of adopting a larger size in hats. Time cured all that. Simultaneously Mr. Lyons became hard up and industrious. And we arrive at the period when Providence, in the person of Mr. Robert Blatchford, was to extend a timely helping hand. Would Mr. Lyons write for the *Clarion*? He would, did, and has continued so to do. He is now a very earnest Socialist; but his Socialism, like Mr. Blatchford's, has its roots in idealism and patriotism. His efforts in this direction are to a certain extent a labour of love, and there are incidental drawbacks. More than once some derelict enthusiast, seeming to have drawn information concerning Mr. Lyons's place of abode from an occult source, has strayed down the winding Sussex lane that takes one to his cottage, and there insisted upon entertaining the chaffinches to loud orations upon such themes as Marx's "Theory of Values."

That cottage, where he has lived and worked, single and married, for the last five years, is an integral part of Mr. Lyons's life and being. It is a boon to his friends and a wonder to the countryside. Girt with rose-bushes and shaven lawns edged with aromatic box, it is an Arcadian hermitage. From one point of view, that is to say. From another it is an outpost in a new country—a country presenting many points of difference from the district round the "Obelix" where Arthur had his stand, or that corner of East London wherein Dr. Brink mended broken bodies for sixpences, but a country in which men and women have the same habits of being born, falling in love—they call it being "lamb-struck" in Sussex—marrying, and ultimately dying. And Mr. Lyons has emphatically not shown his whole hand while giving us the inimitable portraits of London types that besprinkle the pages of "Arthur's" and "Sixpenny Pieces." Kitty and Mr. Walpole, young Alf and Miss Primrose Hopper, are of another world than that in which Mr. Tracey, Jack o' Clubs, and Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks have their being. And "Cottage Pie," I think, is the best book its author has written. There is still humour on every page, but there is more irony. Mr. Lyons strikes the note of pathos as often as before, and no more, but there is a new feeling in his work, a feeling of deeper subtlety. He amuses us just as much, but he makes us *think* more. His view of life has grown, like a picture on a screen, steadily clearer and more definite. And his craftsmanship is better than ever. Mr. Lyons is more than ever sparing of his material; he reduces the ordinary five thousand words story to a quarter of that length. He has discovered, as comparatively few other artists have discovered, that to spare the pen is not necessarily to spoil the picture. He has a passionate hatred of the diffuse in any form, and always he will rather make a suggestion than a statement.

This talk of "Cottage Pie" reminds me that there seems in some quarters to be a misconception concerning that work. Shortly after its appearance it was apparent that difficulties were being met with in procuring it at some of the circulating libraries. There was outspoken comment in several literary journals, comment which elicited a circular from the council of the libraries' association declaring that the circulation of the book had in no way been interfered with by that body. Whereupon the editor of at least one weekly periodical commented on the successful advertising scheme initiated by the author of "Cottage Pie," or his friends. This suggestion was both unjust and ungenerous. It is proved that one well-known firm at least, acting very probably on its private initiative, placed the book in Class B, which was tantamount to banning it effectually so far as the ordinary circulation was concerned. Class B books are all kept in London, and can only be borrowed by country subscribers after special correspondence and much circumlocution. It is profitless to speculate here as to the motives for such action. That side of the matter has been ventilated enough already. My present endeavour is solely to represent the facts of an occurrence that has led indirectly to a worthy and admirable artist's being charged with sharp practice, or its equivalent.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

THE READER.

MAX BEERBOHM; OR, ART AND SEMOLINA.

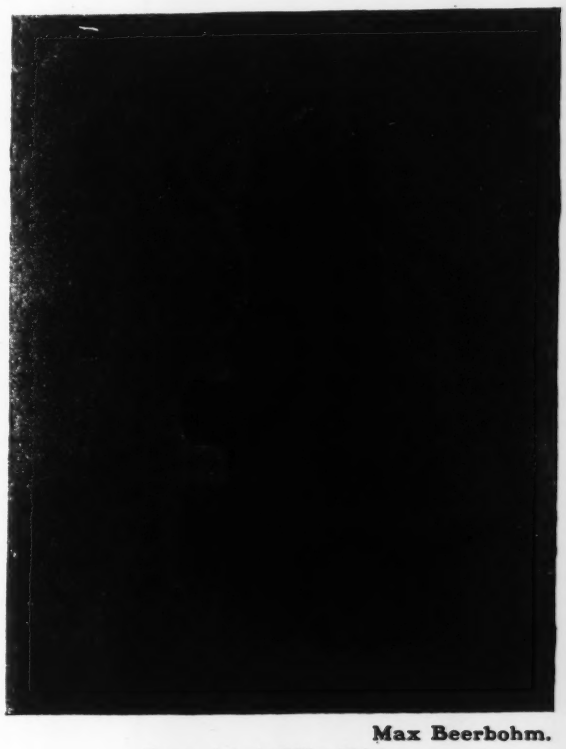
By George Somes Layard.

IT has been said that "in human history waves of intellectual activity concur with other dynamic movements." Equally true is it that these waves, this rhythm, this periodicity is to be found in every art, as in every custom, every passion, every necessity of the human race. There is ebb and flow, flow and ebb. Don't you remember what James Thomson said in "Sunday on Hampstead Heath":

> "The ring is round, Life nought, the world an O;
> This night is fifty thousand years ago"?

In dress the older ones among us recall the pious memory of Mrs. Bloomer of New York in the late 'forties as the apostle of trousers for women; then, after an interval of thirty or forty years, Lady Harberton in the same rôle; again, but a year ago, the dressmakers of Paris. So indeed with rouge, as Mr. Beerbohm himself points out in one of his charming essays of which I shall speak later. So, too, with Semolina (by the way, what a pretty name it is!), who nourished our forebears and has now, after too long a period of divorce, been re-married to her lawful mate, the Standard Loaf, and once again entered upon her functions. These are manifestations of one and the same law.

Thus it is with Caricature. For the fifty years preceding the eighteen-eighties, England was starved of the overloaded, overcharged portraits of public persons with which Gillray, Rowlandson, and Bunbury had delighted our grandfathers. There was plenty of semolina in the dishes *they* served up; indeed, there was too much, and the public digestion called aloud for something more delicate. The demand created the supply, and forthwith the three great Johns of comic art, John Doyle, John Leech, and John Tenniel, responded to it, refining the caricature into the cartoon, charging their pencils with sweetness in place of acid, with honey in place of gall, refining, that is to say, so far as *chic* draughtsmen could refine. But that was only the beginning. There was a trace of semolina still. Then came along South Kensington and its schools of art all over the country, and the ukase went forth that no *chic* drawing was tolerable. The emasculated public taste could put up with nothing that was not drawn from the model, and so we got Du Maurier, Sambourne, Charles Keene, and Phil May, great artists, but not caricaturists, who gave us quite white bread with no vestige of semolina. The trail of South Kensington was over everything. Laughter was heard no more. Well-bred smiles alone demonstrated that we had risible muscles at all.



Max Beerbohm.
From a painting by William Nicholson.
(By permission of the Artist.)

At last, towards the end of the nineteenth century, signs of a revulsion to primitive taste manifested themselves. The old craving for something robust, strong, brutal, reasserted itself, something that would nourish the spirit of fun. But the strong meat did not come all at once. Very tentatively at first the *chic* draughtsmen began to pop up their heads again. Mr. E. T. Reed put in an appearance in the pages of *Punch*. Contemporaneously Carruthers Gould, now Sir Francis, was providing semolina for private consumption on the Stock Exchange only, just as another Sir Francis, Lockwood to boot, was doing amidst roars of laughter in the strict privacy of the Law Courts and the House of Commons. Then the *Westminster Gazette* discovered Mr. Gould, and "F. C. G." boldly faced the limelight in the green pages of the great evening journal, rather shamefacedly at first because of the anatomical deficiencies of his puppets, but winning the battle against South Kensington all along the line. Here was the beginning of the school of *chic* draughtsmen which had responded to the demand. Certainly the queasy public stomach at first turned at the coarse and ugly drawing, for its digestion had been weakened by the vapidity into which comic drawing had sunk, but suddenly they found how nice it was to be tickled again, to laugh loud like children, as they had not now laughed for years. That was pleasant enough. But still there was more to come. There had not been very much of semolina yet. The world was looking for a great caricaturist who would go the whole hog. And it did not look in

vain. At last Caricature in its fullest meaning was with us again and Mr. Max Beerbohm was its prophet. At last unrestrained laughter was again the fashion, and as Mr. Beerbohm himself has said in "Poor Romeo," "It is no trifle to set Englishmen laughing, for, once you have done it, you can hardly stop them." Just so, doggrel seemed to have been dead and buried long years ago, until Mr. Kipling revived it and raised it into a fine art.

Thus we return to our text, and find the wave of intellectual activity (Caricature) concurring with that other dynamic movement (the return to matrimony of the Lady Semolina). And what a feast we now look forward to year by year! I suppose that since Voltaire there has been no such apotheosis of irreverence as Mr. Max Beerbohm has given us, no such dazzling and irresistible extravagance. "Down go my Lord Bishop's apron, and his Grace's blue riband and my Lady's brocade petticoat in the mud" at the bidding of his mordant wit, for Mr. Beerbohm is no respecter of persons.

And there is another thing that is interesting. At the back of Mr. Beerbohm's post-impressionism, for post-impressionist he is, is the knowledge lacking to most of this so-called school. He knows his grammar so well that he can with impunity resort to primitive methods and break its rules. He is the heir of all that has gone before him in the world of art. Not that necessarily he could compete in their own field with the best of the academics. Indeed, it seems to me that by so much as he approaches the academic, by so much he loses power. But that is another story. The point here is that he seems to be the forerunner of the precocious child of a thousand years hence, who will go from pulling off the legs of a fly, or decapitating his sister's best doll, to the pillorying of his elders with a slate pencil on a slate, to the reduction to absurdity of their assumption of greatness and superiority. The child of to-day draws as well as the R.A. of the Stone Age. So it may well be that the year A.D. 2911 will produce babies with the skill of a Beerbohm and the mordant wit of a Max.

Max Beerbohm.
From a painting by the late Charles Condor.

Max Beerbohm (1906).
From a caricature by Will Owen. (Lent by Mr Walter Jerrold.)

With the ethics of the thing I have nothing to do. It may be that whipping is cruel. On the other hand whipping is a very good thing in its place. And perhaps the world needs a whipper-in-chief just as it needs a public executioner. But the whipping must not be savage. Certainly the poets got it sharp and strong in "The Poets' Corner." What price Omar Khayyam and "Thou" and the loaf in the wilderness? There's no lack of semolina in *that* bread. And the nightmare-penance of Robert Browning! And Lili's shadow on the blind. It's enough to make Goethe turn in his grave. Then just look at Ibsen with Mr. William Archer down on his knees to the sacred toe, with that very snuffy-looking old gentleman's startled hairs reflected in the wallpaper *ad infinitum*. Look at Tennyson reading "In Memoriam" to his sovereign, in a seven-acre drawing-room covered with a seven-acre carpet. Look at Bacon as Shakespeare's ghost, Coleridge table-talking to the ten sleepers. Look at Mr. George Moore—but don't, it's wicked to laugh at

Sir Sidney Colvin.

a fellow-creature being flagellated, though, upon my soul, I think the victim himself must be laughing, for the whipper is not whipping as hard as he might. Look at Dante being proctorised; those naughty boys, Dobson and Gosse, being caught by Mr. Chamberlain wasting the public's time. And last but not least, laugh your eyes out at Rossetti in his back garden, if indeed you can laugh at all, can forget the tragedy that lies at the back of it. It really is too bad of Mr. Beerbohm to shatter our idols like this, to reduce them to their common human denominator. And yet Dagon had to come tumbling down from his pedestal at the appointed time, and I suppose all the good people laughed then. Of course those who worshipped his fishy godship in the five cities of the Philistines were weeping, but then they shouldn't have worshipped him, so it served them right.

Looking through these entrancing pages once again, I am reminded of a story of the greatest of our British satirists, Swift, who, writing to Stella, describes with horrid gusto how he had been "helping to hinder a man of his pardon who had been condemned to death." He had insisted to the Home Secretary of the day that he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge, adding, "besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue and doubtless deserved hanging for something else, so he shall swing." So I seem to hear Mr. Max Beerbohm, "He's a poet, consequently a madman, therefore a rogue, and deserves whipping for something, so into my pillory he goes, and may the Lord have mercy on his soul!"

And this brings me to a matter for which Mr. Beerbohm deserves our best thanks. The politicians who have been ever considered fair game for the caricaturist have grown callous. Like carted deer, they take their punishment all in the day's work and the sport is a make-believe. We don't even have the pleasure of seeing them wince. We have to thank Mr. Beerbohm for not confining his delicate attentions to these; for hunting the animal that has never been, or at least has not been in the habit of being, hunted before; for constituting himself the horse-breaker who tackles the wild stallion before our eyes, which has till now known no touch of whip or spur. He gives us real sport, with danger in it, and he rides like an artist.

And what an admirable thrift and economy he has! Take, for example, the "Lord Haldane" here reproduced, an anticlimax of the simplest and most telling sort if ever there was one, under which should be written

> "Next comes Lord Haldane, the great god of war,
> Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar";

or the inimitable "Mr. W. L. Courtney." There is no needless extravagance. He knows by instinct the tender spot where his pen-pointed spur will tell best. He gets the stinging tip of it just under the fifth rib. Exactly there! And we, the lookers-on, find wicked and exquisite pleasure in this dexterous torturing of our friends, and thank heaven that we are not important enough to receive the horse-tamer's attentions ourselves. For myself, I think, for the caricaturist to fulfil his duties,

By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Daily News."

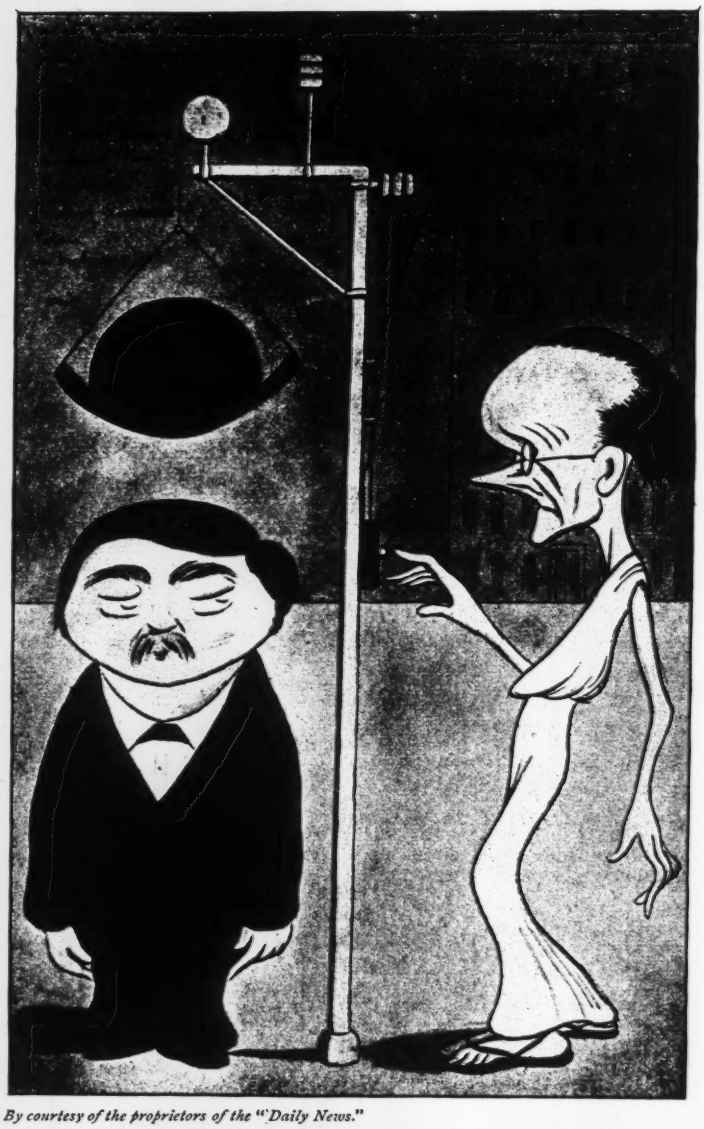
G. K. Chesterton.

By courtesy of the "Tatler."

The Resident Physician: Owen Seaman considering whether any one who has not actually lived with *Punch*, year in, year out, can realise the horror of that existence.

he must be cruel to be kind, but he must draw the line at savagery. There can be no excuse, for example, for such a performance as the great Dean of St. Patrick's "Modest Proposal" for eating children, in which this great pillar of the Church discusses the young healthy child at a year old, as food for Christian people, in the greatest possible detail, whether stewed, baked, or boiled, turning and twisting his subject, as Thackeray says, in a score of different ways, hashing it, serving it up cold, garnishing it, and cruelly relishing it always. There can be no excuse for that, and of that ogreish sort of cruelty at any rate Mr. Beerbohm is guiltless. If he is cruel at all, his cruelty is that cruelty of which every one of us is guilty when we are tempted to humiliate some one who seems to us to be too big for his boots. The laugh is momentarily turned against the victim and that is all. To do him any real injury is the farthest thing from our thoughts.

It is impossible in the space at my command to refer to more than a few of Mr. Beerbohm's later caricatures, many of which you can see for yourselves in these pages, but I should like to draw particular attention to "Mr. G. K. Chesterton," to "Mr. H. G. Wells and his Patent Mechanical New Republic," to "Lord Rosebery" face to face "with the Spectre of the End of All Things"; and to "Lord Lansdowne" wondering what on earth Mr. H. G. Wells is talking about. I suppose that the whole world has lately been to the Leicester Galleries. If not they can take it from me that the present selection gives but a taste of Mr. Beerbohm's versatile cleverness. They have missed a feast which they will do well not to miss again, if ever another such chance presents itself. They have not seen the lily-like "Mr. Lewis Harcourt"; "Lord Hugh Cecil hurling at the Labour Party the last enchantments of the Middle Ages"; that biting but deserved satire on the Royal Academy, the almost too cruel parody of Rossetti's "Found"; "The New English Art Club";



By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Daily News."

H. G. Wells and his Patent Mechanical New Republic and the Spirit of Pure Reason crowning him President. (View of Presidential Palace in background.)

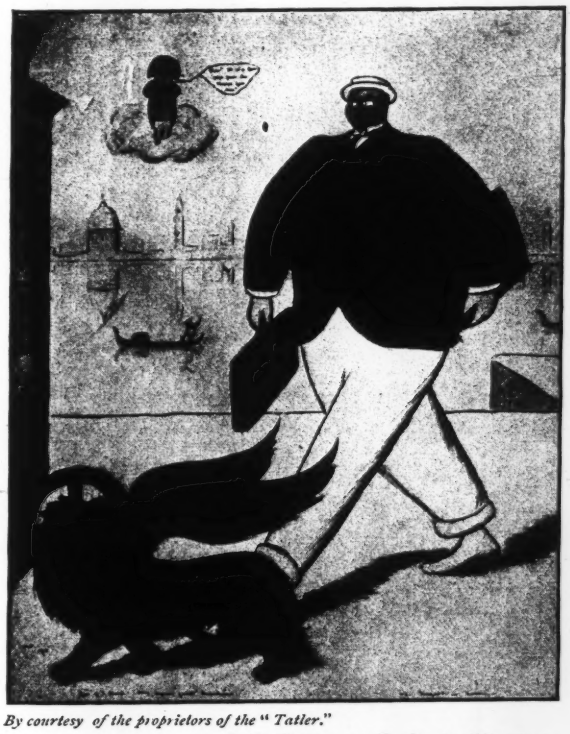
By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Tatler."

Mr. Winston Churchill offering to toss Mr. Lloyd George for the prospective leadership of the Liberal party.

By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Tatler."

Lord Lansdowne and H. G. Wells.

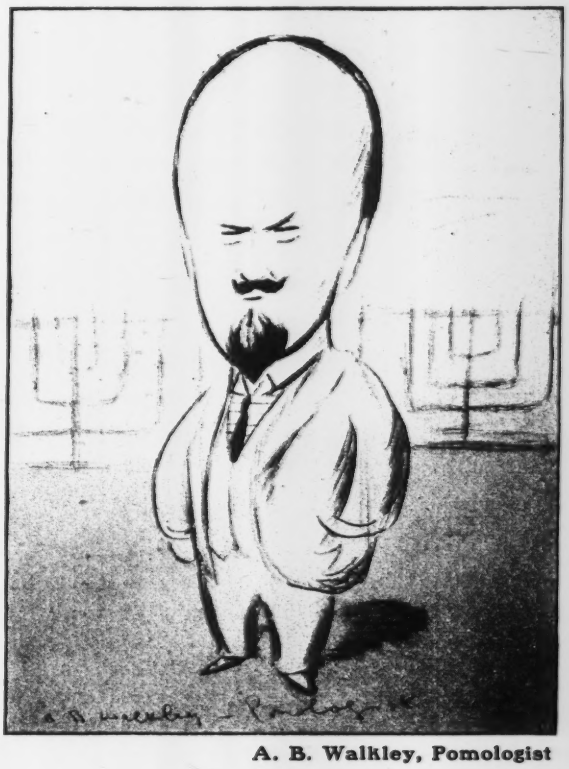
The former trying with all the amenity of his kind to understand just what Mr. Wells means by the barrenness of official politics.



By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Tatler."

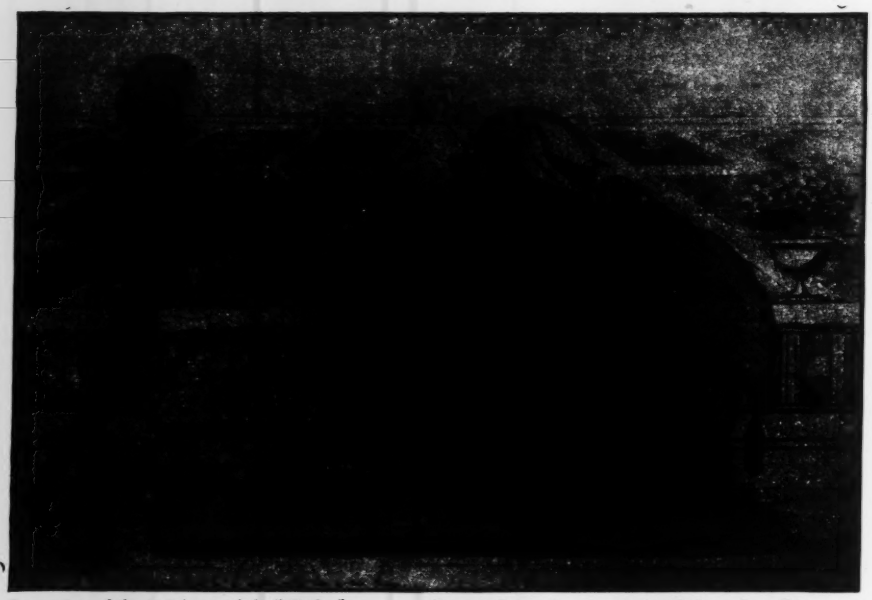
J. S. Sargent, R.A., in Venice.

SHADE OF NAPOLEON: "Bon! Il n'a pas plus peur de Venise que moi."



A. B. Walkley, Pomologist

SOME LEADERS IN POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART, AND JOURNALISM AS MAX BEERBOHM SEES THEM.



By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Tatler."

Lord Rosebery visited by the Spectre of the End of all Things.

and last, but perhaps greatest of all, the prophetic "In case I am not there to see them," in which the artist projects himself into the future and shows us the great men of to-day grown old. Now and then, I hold it, Mr. Beerbohm passes the bounds. I should like to constitute myself public hangman for the nonce and burn the drawing entitled "Are we as welcome as ever?"—that and another. But then that is a matter of opinion and perhaps Mr. Beerbohm will be of opinion that, in saying this, I myself have passed the bounds of criticism. However, it is the critic's duty "non seulement couronner la mérite, mais le faire germer."

And in quoting one great Frenchman I am reminded of the dictum of another, which came into my mind after a visit to the Leicester Galleries. There is always danger, in the limited space put at one's disposal for a short treatise on any given subject, of giving an impression of that subject's too great importance in the order of things. Now, caricature is not a cardinal matter. It is only relative. It holds the rather low place that the corrective holds in physical matters. He that is whole needs not a physician. *Quâ* caricaturist and *quâ* doctor, there is no place for either in the Kingdom of Heaven, just as there is no place for the priest. Their bread-and-butter depends on corruption in the body politic, material or spiritual. They are not good things in themselves. Rather are they evils rendered necessary by the ills that soul and body are heir to. Hence the call for caricature is in itself a bad sign. Had we no insincerity, no abnormality, no humbug, no shams, no "organised hypocrisy," the caricaturist must starve, as the maker of birches must starve when no one has to be whipped. And this is surely what was in Vauvenergue's mind when he wrote, "Les beaux esprits ont une place dans la bonne compagnie, mais la dernière" ("Wits have a place in good society, but it is the lowest"). Let us remember that the proper place for the jester is below the salt, and that by so much as we elevate him, by just so much do we condemn ourselves.

I have left but too little space in which to consider Mr. Beerbohm as author, for, to mangle Kipling,

> "'E's a kind of a giddy harum-frodite—artist and author too."

He is in the select succession of Blake, Rossetti, Thackeray, Whistler, Du Maurier, and the lately lamented Sir W. S. Gilbert. And in his two manifestations we find almost as marked a dissimilarity as we find in William Sharp and his *alter ego* "Fiona Macleod." As artist he is the philistine, as author the æsthete, the idealist. In "The Happy Hypocrite" he gives us a fairy tale worthy of Oscar Wilde, and it only costs a shilling. In "Dandies and Dandies," "1880," and "King George the Fourth," he gives us essays almost worthy of La Bruyère. In "Yet Again" he gives us essays quite worthy of—Himself!

By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Daily News."

C. F. Masterman preserving his ideals.

By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Graphic."

Robert Hichens dictating a Novel.

"Dawn (and Mr. Robert Hichens not less punctual) in the desert."

By courtesy of the proprietors of the "Graphic."

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

Who is Max Beerbohm's half-brother.

Joseph Conrad

W. L. Courtney.

FAMILIAR FIGURES IN LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA, CARICATURED BY MAX BEERBOHM.

True, in his earlier articles contributed to the *Yellow Book*, and the *Savoy*, he was too essentially the literary dandy, overdoing it a little because he was young, rather affected, rather foppish, rather precious, rather impertinent, rather a d'Orsay of the pen than a Brummell, but on the whole steering clear of the ridiculous. Always sedulously searching for the *mot juste*, not rarely, indeed, overdoing it, even finding too difficult the spelling of the exotic words that he dug out of his dictionary or "thesaurus," showing, indeed, the cultivation too plainly, yet always manifesting triumphantly at back of it the true temperament. "Secernment," "implected," "inverideed," "apolaustic," are dreadful, but "hygeine," "impenuous" and the like are worse. Then there are puerile asides like that in "King George the Fourth" on the Duke of Wellington never having been at Waterloo, and cheap funniments like that on the verso of the title-page to the 1910 edition of "Yet Again," unworthy of so clever a man, but forgivable, indeed *only* forgivable, because of the general super-excellence. The great humorists do not laugh at their own jokes, do not stick their tongues in their cheeks. A background of seriousness is necessary to the highest expression of wit. But, as I say, the blemishes were the blemishes of youth, and though even now, judging from his later essays, Mr. Beerbohm in his thirty-ninth year has not yet quite grown up, there is a growing restraint that augurs well for the future. Happily for us there seems little fear of his being "too old at forty."

Ideal: Mr. Henry James making a match between Mona Lisa and the Man in the Iron Mask.

Let me in conclusion say that I always have had a sincere admiration for Mr. Beerbohm's work, and that, after a reperusal of many of his essays and a renewed acquaintanceship with his caricatures, I am still uncertain whether I most admire him as writer or artist. *Unquestionably he is great as both.*

I realise that this is a big thing to say, but I say it deliberately, and lest I should be suspected of partisanship, of log-rolling, let me add that the editor of THE BOOKMAN has given me an absolutely free hand. I have never seen Mr. Beerbohm. I know little, and that by hearsay only, of his personality. I have heard, and that at second hand, but one single sentence that he ever spoke. It was this. As I was engaged upon this article a dear friend came to see me and said, "Max Beerbohm! Oh, I met him not long ago—just when his big brother's knighthood had been announced. I wished to write to Lady Tree, and said, 'By the way, *is* your sister-in-law Lady Tree until Sir Herbert has received the accolade?'

"'I know nothing of these things,' said Mr. Beerbohm without a shade of a smile, 'but I have no doubt that in the sight of Heaven my brother is already a knight.'" That sounds typical, but may amount to nothing.

I myself have had no intercourse with Mr. Beerbohm. True! I once wrote him a letter. But he never answered it!

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best motto for the holiday-maker in not more than four lines of original verse.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors

should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to the Rev. F. BALCH, of Wesleyan Manse, Montrose, N.B., for the following:

PAPER BAG COOKERY. By M. NICHOLAS SOYER. (Andrew Melrose.)

"The Lord knows what we shall find, dear lass,
And the deuce knows what we may do."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *L'Envoi.*

We also select for printing:

TALES OF THE UNEASY. By VIOLET HUNT. (Heinemann.)

"That old man I used to know,
Who seemed distracted with his woe,
Who rocked his body to and fro,
And muttered mumblingly and low,
As if his mouth were full of dough."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking-Glass.*

(Beryl Scott, 2, High Street, Launceston, Tasmania, Australia.)

TRIUMPHANT VULGARITY. By J. C. WHITBY, M.D. (Stephen Swift.)

"Bein' niver too tight of a Saturday night, but what I kin wallop the wife."
F. ANSTEY, *A Coster's Conversion.*

(Charles Powell, 37, Egerton Road, Withington, Manchester.)

IN AND OUT OF PARLIAMENT. By the RIGHT HON. ROBERT FARQUHARSON, P.C., M.D., LL.D. (Williams & Norgate.)

"Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the Speaker."
W. M. PRAED.

(W. F. Wright, Barclay's Bank, Robertson Street, Hastings.)

THE WINE-DRINKER. By W. J. BATCHELDER. (Smith, Elder.)

"A cellar—if I had the key—
Would be a Paradise to me."
HARRY GRAHAM

(Myra MacKenzie, Korumburra, Victoria, Australia.)

A WOMAN WITH A PURPOSE. By ANNA CHAPIN RAY. (Stanley Paul.)

"Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Elsie S. Price, Southbank, Swanley.)

II.—We have divided this Prize, for the best imaginary question by Boswell and reply by Dr. Johnson on the subject of Woman Suffrage in not more than a hundred and fifty words, and are sending Two BOOKS to Mr. R. G. WYATT, of 336, Old Ford Road, Victoria Park, E. (who has ingeniously adapted some of Dr. Johnson's own utterances to the occasion), and Two BOOKS to Miss E. A. PEARSON, of Heath House, Fleet, Hants, for the following:

Boswell.—"Then you think women should not have votes?"

Johnson.—"Sir, nature has given women so much power that the law has very wisely given them little. On most subjects the greatest part of womankind have no reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion. But they have a perpetual envy of our vices and so would emulate us in the political, as in other, spheres of activity.

"These rampant females, sir, forget that to be out of place is not necessarily to be out of power. Most women's speech-making is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not well done, but you are surprised to find it done at all. So would it be with their law-making; for they would not be content, mark you, with votes merely, but would desire, ere long, to fill Parliament House with their fads, foibles, and gossip."

(R. G. Wyatt.)

Boswell.—"Pray, sir, do you consider the Fair Sex are entitled to equal rights with men in regard to Parliamentary representation?"

Johnson.—"I do not, sir. Nature has given women already so much power it is our place to see she has no more, or men will be placed at a disadvantage. If two people live in a house one must be the head, and who, sir, should it be but the man, with his larger experience and greater understanding? Women have all the liberty we wish them to have; give them more and England will go to the dogs. Women here, there, and anywhere,

Rudyard Kipling takes a bloomin' day aht on the blasted 'eath with Britannia, his gurl.
From "Poets' Corner," by Max Beerbohm. (Heinemann.)

but attending to our comforts and supplying that touch of grace and elegance which we have a right to expect. Woman, sir, should be an ornament to gladden our eyes and repose on our hearts; she becomes a monstrosity if she enters into open competition with men."

(Miss E. A. Pearson.)

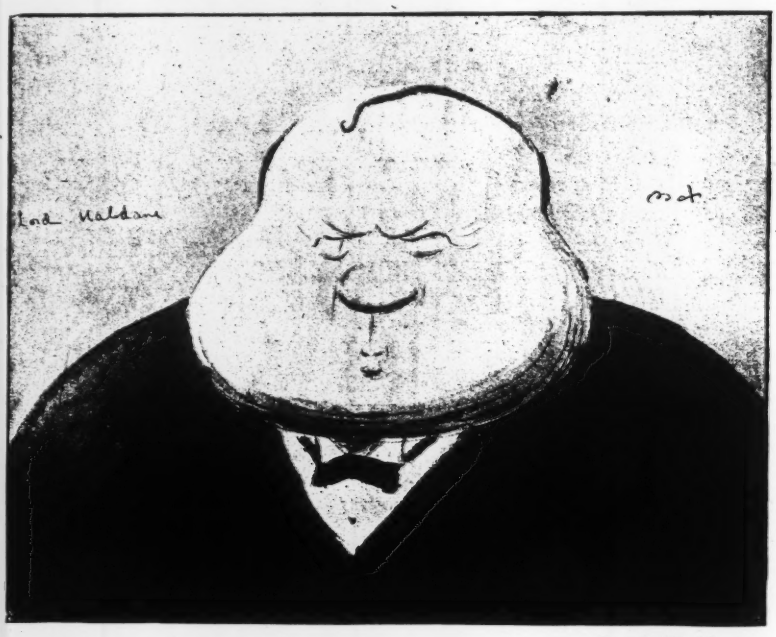
We should have awarded the prize to Miss Wright of Newcastle, but unfortunately her paper went well beyond the length prescribed. Of the many other entries, several are rather poor, some very good, but with only two or three exceptions all competitors, of both sexes, represent the Doctor as sturdily opposed to the idea of votes for women. We specially commend papers received from Gerard W. Menter (Worthing), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle), Richard P. M'Coy (Gillingham), Thomas Lanfear (London, S.E.), Florence E. Briggs (Crown Hill, Devon), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), William Morriss (Sheffield), D. Whitelaw (Paisley), Miss E. L. Court (Halifax), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Emily Hunt (Llanfairfechan), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), and Emily Kington (Blairgowrie).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to Miss IRENE POLLOCK LALONDE, of 11, Forester Road, Bath, for the following:

JOHN VERNEY. By H. A. VACHELL. (John Murray.)

John Verney is not a hero of whom many besides Mr. Vachell could have made a success. Thin, stooping, lame, humble, yet he soon wins our hearts as he won the girlish heart of Sheila.

Henry Chaplin, M.P.



Lord Haldane.

His peculiar qualities show up brilliantly in the field of politics, where with a quixotism belonging to few who enter there, he scorns to use the base methods employed by his rival to gain his seat. Incidentally Mr. Vachell gives us good political reading and with consummate skill he exposes some of the dirty weapons used by candidates to win constituencies, Government posts, and peerages.

Other good reviews received are:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Williams & Norgate.)

John Masefield wields an angel's pen. His are no mundane effects, capable of being resolved into their elements. Above and beyond his salient qualities, you feel that inspiration holds the field. On him has fallen the mantle of Stevenson: he is the one legitimate successor of that great Romantic; he stands for the same immortal verities. His "Shakespeare" has the fine, intuitive appreciation that can only spring from a distinguished mind; it is highly subtilised, and executed with the utmost care. Also, in writing of Shakespeare, he illuminates the whole of life, thus showing the wide compass of his mind.

(Beatrix Terry, 374, Brixton Road, London, S.W.)

THE SPELL OF EGYPT. By ROBERT HICHENS. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"How can one disentangle from their tapestry web the different threads of a spell?" asks the author. Yet surely this is the peculiar triumph of his book. If an analysis can be musical, poetical, full to the brim of atmosphere, behold it here! This is no tale of strong, deep passion, like its brother-book, "The Garden of Allah," but a series of poem-pictures forming a volume which would be an ideal companion for a hammock in an English garden some still summer afternoon, converted by Mr. Hichens's magic into "Life on the Nile, a long dream, golden and sweet as the honey of Hymettus."

(S. A. Doody, Westover, Harvey Road, Boscombe.)

PERPETUA. By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. (Alston Rivers.)

This is a charming story of two delightful people, and though there are many interesting characters in the book, they serve but as an adjunct to the central figures, Perpetua and her adopted artist-father. The racy humour which abounds adds much to the enjoyment of reading the history of these two child-like individuals, who, though they eventually grow up, never lose the essence of child-nature which makes them such fascinating beings. There is a darker side to the story, but the sunlight prevails, and the hero and heroine "live happy ever after."

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

MYSTICISM. By EVELYN UNDERHILL. (Methuen.)

Mysticism is anathema to many. It is confused with magic and other phenomena. To Miss Underhill it is the soul's sense of the source of its being, its longing for union with it, and the

means it takes to attain that end. Miss Underhill generalises in an eloquent and interesting way on the whole subject, which is both a pregnant and comprehensive one; and she traces with sympathy and understanding the evolution of some of the great mystics of both early and modern times. We are all, it seems, if we have any spiritual sense at all, mystics in embryo.

(Kate Lee, 29, Butler Avenue, Harrow, Middlesex.)

Reviews of equal merit with some of those printed have been received from A. M. Gibbs (Wooburn Green), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Mrs. E. C. Atkinson, Mrs. Harvie Anderson (Glasgow), William Morriss (Sheffield), E. Rippon (Hull), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), X.Y.Z. (Cambridge), L. H. Cooke (Stockport), C. E. Muirhead (Stoke Newington), Irene Harrison (Bristol), Helen MacLeod Scott (Edinburgh), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), Ernest Holmwood (Holloway, N.), A. S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), E. C. Luin (Stamford Hill, N.), Mary Cleland (Ellesmere), Kathleen White (Ravenscourt Park, W.), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Florence L. Stephens (Bodmin), Stanley V. Keeling (Hadleigh), Barbara K. Webber (Plymouth), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Mrs. S. Stirling (Glenfarg), and Ronald H. Kidd (Hampstead, N.W.).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mrs. PROTHERO, Brittle Lodge, Isle of Skye.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL.

BY LAURIE MAGNUS.

MR. WILLIAMS has written an attractive book on a very attractive subject.* Most of us read novels, and many of us write them; "the time has long since gone by," as Mr. Williams remarks on his last page, "when a plea for the habit of reading novels need be entered." A far more difficult plea, which it is far more urgent to enter, is for the formation of a habit of reading good novels and of rejecting the bad; and Mr. Williams's book, which is at once catholic and discriminating, should help many young readers, and some older ones too, to develop the faculties out of which that habit will grow. Mr. Walker, the late great Highmaster of St. Paul's School, used to relate with glee the story of a father and a son. The boy could not be dragged away from the Waverley Novels, "Esmond," and Charles Kingsley, and the father was always scolding him for giving to English fiction the time that was due to Latin grammar. And then he won his scholarship at St. Paul's by his answer to the question: "Describe the plot and characters of 'Ivanhoe.'"

Mr. Williams's book has one negative merit which is equal to several positive virtues. It will be of no use to boy or man as a substitute for the novels themselves. What he does is to take the leading novelists from Defoe to Thomas Hardy, and to mark the features of their art, and the stages in the art itself; how character-study was added to adventure, and psychology to emotion, and the personal to the narrative note. If, in the course of this survey, Mr. Williams manages to convince himself that he has traced evolutionary links, or has built a ladder, or a spiral staircase—to quote three metaphors which he employs—we are far from grudging him his pleasure. He is so modest an advocate that he comes near to persuading us that he has done it; and, certainly, he is wholly free from the dogmatism which starts with a preconceived theory. "The mould of modern art and thought is the life of former generations." So much we gladly grant.

By an effort which we cannot but admire, the more

W. B. Yeats presenting George Moore to the Queen of the Fairies.

From "Poets' Corner," by Max Beerbohm. (Heinemann.)

* "Two Centuries of the English Novel." By Harold Williams, M.A., late Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

because it is unobtrusive, Mr. Williams almost succeeds in concealing his personal preferences. That any one man can be equally appreciative, say, in his own arm-chair and with a pipe, of Tobias Smollett and the author of "Cranford," we shall not affect to believe; but this critic, with Cambridge on his title-page, seeks always the *ab extra* point of view. Still, we seem to gather that his tobacco is likely to taste sweetest when Laurence Sterne is at his elbow. There is nothing lyrical in his eulogy; there is no excess in all the book; but while Mr. Williams pronounces, with strict judicial impartiality, that, "considered as a novelist, Sterne fails. He is too inconsequent, irrelevant, and discursive," still, the "delicate vignettes," "the refining grace of his sentiment," his "note of joy in the life of vagabondage," and his "atmosphere of a moment" are generously carried to Sterne's credit. "Pierre Loti, Lafcadio Hearn, and Robert Louis Stevenson" on one page, "Borrow, Stevenson, and a host of others" on another, and, yet again, Sterne's influence or method seen in "Goethe, Dickens, Thackeray, and Meredith," are surely sufficient compensation for the denial of the title of novelist.

If Sterne is the unconfessed favourite of our strictly impersonal author, the Brontë sisters are, perhaps, most hardly treated. "On the whole, 'Jane Eyre' is an unreal book, and the character of Jane Eyre—who, however, will go far—alone redeems it." Well, little Jane has gone far, in Mr. Williams's not too happy phrase, and it seems less than just to Charlotte Brontë to call "Jane Eyre" redeemed from unreality by the character of the heroine herself. It is very negative praise to accord to superlative merit. And "unreal" is an unfortunate word, when the critic states a few pages later, "Miss Brontë [why not Mrs. Nicholls, if we are to be so formal?] finds a kinship with the method we have come to know distinctively by the name of 'realism.'"

The greater novelists are well chosen, and have plainly been well read, though we find, especially in the chapter on George Meredith, some distinct failures in expression. "'Beauchamp's Career' is the best of all political novels, a difficult form which Disraeli was fond of handling, which Turgenieff used with fine artistic skill," is one; "Of the literary form and style of Meredith, with its highly-wrought intellectualisms, we can only say that he stands for a beacon-light rather than for an example," is another of the sentences which leave us sadder than they found us. And, while at this aspect, may we be allowed to urge that, whatever degree of fatness is due from the driver of fat oxen, the writer of a book about books should at least be literate? "Nobody need recognise their self-centred selves"; "neither are wholly free"; "every one should interest themselves"; "the style and manner has"; "'The Egoist' evidences," are among the examples of slipshod writing; and we must point out the careless repetitions on pages 72 and 108, on pages 98 and 102, and on pages 175 and 181.

But it is in Chapter XVII., on "Other Names in the Nineteenth Century," that Mr. Williams is least successful. Gyas and Thoas are always rather troublesome, and Mr. Williams has added to his perplexity by attempting to bring his survey down to "the present day," while excluding all living writers, with the honourable exception of Mr. Thomas Hardy. The aim is incompatible with the condition. We suggest that it is not reasonable to discuss the evolution of the novel in "Jude the Obscure" and "Weir of Hermiston," and to ignore (because their authors are alive) "Life's Handicap" and "Esther Waters." Mr. George Moore, Mr. Kipling, Mrs. Humphry Ward are never mentioned in this volume, which is still at liberty to discuss R. L. Stevenson.

Even within the limits set between the quick and the dead, we are not satisfied that Mr. Williams is quite logical. Walter Besant wrote at least one novel important to the development of the art, considered in its social bearing; and if William Black is admitted, why must good James Payn be passed by? If Mrs. Henry Wood, why no word for Mrs. Craik, whose "John Halifax, Gentleman," was really something like a landmark?

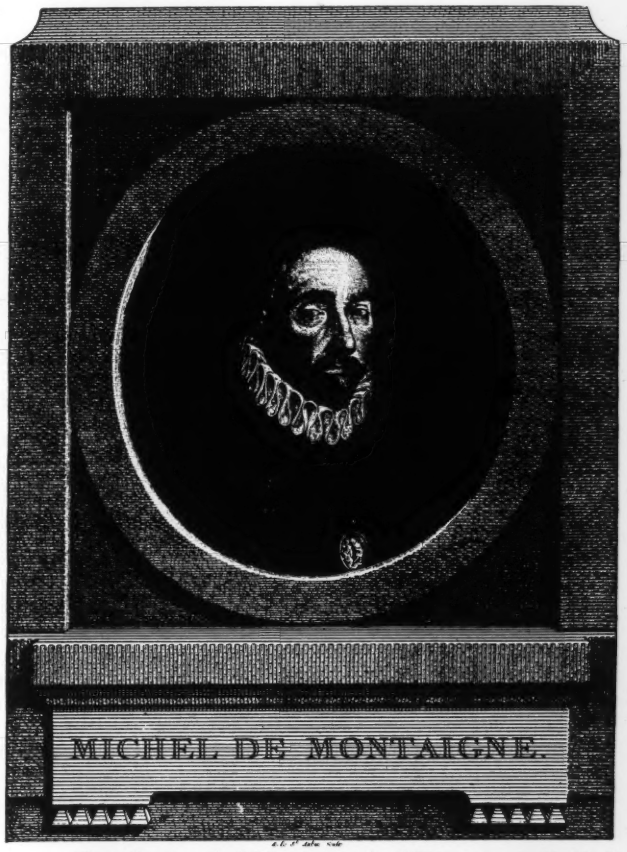
But we do not wish to labour details when the general impression is so fair. Mr. Williams is to be congratulated on his essay, which is at once useful and pleasant.

New Books.

MONTAIGNE THE ESSAYIST.*

"There existeth," wrote Montaigne, "as great a difference between us and ourselves as between us and others." No one ever afforded a more striking illustration of the statement than the man who made it. Montaigne, says Miss Sichel, "was indeed a dozen Montaignes"; and again, with reference to the "thousand facets" of his practical philosophy, "Men have felt and written more differently about him, perhaps, than about any other author, according as one facet pleased them more than another." Such frank admission of the many-sidedness of her subject suffices to show that Miss Sichel has approached it in the only proper spirit. She sees in Montaigne all sorts of "baffling contradictions, which run like multi-coloured threads" through his character, and—since all he wrote was, in his own phrase, "consubstantial with its author"—confront us everywhere as we turn the pages of that "encyclopædic note-book" of his, the "Essays"; and she is wise enough not to attempt the hopeless task of reducing these contradictions to formal unity. Such fault as I have to find with her own character-study will, therefore, be readily understood; it is not that I do not recognise the general truth of her carefully drawn portrait; it is simply that she does not happen to give me, out of the one dozen possibilities, the particular Montaigne who is most in my mind when I think of my personal indebtedness to "the wisest Frenchman who ever lived." She has written a most interesting and well-considered book; yet for this one reason it leaves me just a little dissatisfied. In a case of this sort, everything depends upon relative emphasis; and she has dwelt so much upon the limitations and weaknesses of Montaigne that the real strength and greatness of the man amid them all are somewhat obscured. For her, Mon-

* "Michel de Montaigne." By Edith Sichel. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable & Co.)



Frontispiece of Montaigne's "Voyage en Italie."
Engraved by Saint Aubin.
From "Michel de Montaigne," by Edith Sichel. (Constable.)

taigne is essentially the hedonist and opportunist, who in actual life sought his own comfort and shirked disagreeable duties, and as a moral teacher raised self-indulgence to the dignity of a fine art. This view of him is just enough so far as it goes. His egotism was patent and unabashed. His selfishness stands confessed. In his planning of life he held steadily to what was pleasant and did his best to avoid what was unpleasant. There was no heroic strain in his nature; he had little sense of public duty; he was wholly wanting in moral earnestness. And as the man was, so was his philosophy. There is that in his teaching which may well help men to be stoics; there is nothing in it to make them saints or martyrs. He "sat loose to life," as Miss Sichel admirably says, and he taught others to do the same. There is an obvious laxity in his treatment of certain aspects of conduct, and the indifference in which he schooled himself might almost qualify him for the presidency of Carlyle's "Heaven-and-Hell Amalgamation Society." I acknowledge, then, the soundness of Miss Sichel's judgment. But I do so with qualifications and riders. I repeat that her view is just so far as it goes. But there is much else in Montaigne which has not indeed escaped her attention, but has certainly been so inadequately treated as to mar the total effect. Montaigne's "Essays" have been rightly described as the most vital book in the European literature of their time; his influence on readers of all ages and types of mind, from Pascal at one pole to Pater at the other, has been immense and enduring; as Miss Sichel herself remarks, "he who has read Montaigne is, if he be candid, never quite the same man again, . . . he has had his outlook changed." The secret of this far-reaching dynamic power is surely not to be found in any merely negative qualities of his personality or thought —in his want of moral fibre, his studied aloofness, his indolence and indifference. It is to be found rather in his firm grasp of reality, his steady and courageous attitude to the plain facts of life, his absolute sincerity and fearlessness in the treatment of every question that came before him, his supreme sanity, his marvellous wisdom.

For after all, when every deduction has been made, does not Montaigne hold his place among the very wisest and most useful of all practical moral teachers? as one of the most stimulating as well as genial of companions and friends? In an interesting passage comparing Montaigne and Goethe, Miss Sichel observes: "Both were dominated by good taste and good sense, which, with Montaigne sometimes, with Goethe often, rose to wisdom." The "sometimes" is unfair to Montaigne; but otherwise the comparison is suggestive because, three centuries before Goethe, Montaigne had already laid down the great principle of *Gedenke zu leben*; and has any one ever discoursed—did Goethe himself ever discourse—upon that fruitful topic with more frankness, insight, sagacity? Admit that his mind habitually moved upon the plane of the obvious and was most at home among commonplace things; that his chief concern was with the problem of how to use these things to best advantage, and to live, as he puts it, *à propos*. Well, the plane of the obvious is our ordinary plane too, and a great part of our happiness or unhappiness ultimately depends upon our proper use or abuse of just these commonplace things. For rarer moments and greater crises we need teachers of different temper; but so far as life in its average phases is in question, where shall we find a textbook more illuminating and more helpful than the "Essays"? Nor, while emphasising to the full the prudential side of his philosophy, must we forget that in his absolute truthfulness, in his thoroughly inward view of conduct, in his splendid humanity as shown, for instance, in everything that he says about animals, education, the criminal code, judicial torture, and witchcraft (to some of which matters Miss Sichel gives far too small a space), Montaigne makes higher claims upon our admiration.

While, as I have said, judiciously declining the task of formulating Montaigne's thought, Miss Sichel seeks a central principle in it. This she finds in his hatred of that *pédanterie* which for him "included most offences against naturalness." The point is well made. Yet I am inclined to think that we get nearest to what is essential, and has proved to be most influential, in Montaigne's teaching by fixing our attention upon his profound and comprehensive scepticism. In an age which was crushed down by dogma, he was the very incarnation of the anti-dogmatic principle; in an age which rested upon authority and was hampered by tradition, he showed how the mind should play freely and directly upon all experience. The new spirit of emancipation which thus passed into the world through his writings was bound in the long run to be fatal not only to the old order of ideas, but also to the old habits of thought, and thus without extravagance we may describe Montaigne as the first interpreter of the genius of the modern world.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

OUR ISLAND STORY.*

Many histories of England have been written for children, but their fault has generally been that they were too obviously designed to be educative; the trail of the schoolmaster lies over nearly all of them, and when a youngster suspects a book of being a lesson-book he rarely reads it willingly. Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Rudyard Kipling set themselves to write a book "for all boys and girls who are interested in the story of Great Britain and her Empire," and they have so written the history of the nation that younger readers shall enjoy it as a tale that is told and be fascinated by the stirring romance of it all. Nothing

* "A History of England." By C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling. Pictures by Henry Ford and a cover design by L. Leslie Brooke. 7s. 6d. net. (Clarendon Press, and Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

could be more charming than some of the twenty-three poems that illustrate and emphasise various stages in the progress of the story; they have the sinewy metrical swing, the vigour and picturesque vividness, the terse and cunningly happy turns of phrase that are among Mr. Kipling's most characteristic gifts as a poet. But to these poems we can do nothing like justice here, for we are precluded from quoting more than one verse from any one of them.

The first chapter relates the story of England from the earliest times to the departure of the Romans, and opens with "The River's Tale," in verse—the Thames going over its memories of far-back years when mammoth herds and huge tigers prowled along its shores, and Phœnician ships and the war-boats of the Norsemen sailed up its stream:

"And I remember like yesterday
The earliest Cockney who came my way,
When he pushed through the forest that lines the Strand,
With paint on his face and a club in his hand."

In the same chapter is a finely imagined lyrical monologue in which a Roman centurion, who has married and long made his home in England, pleads to be allowed to remain behind here when his legion is ordered back to Rome:

"Legate, I come to you in tears—My cohort ordered home!
I've served in Britain forty years. What should I do in Rome?
Here is my heart, my soul, my mind—the only life I know—
I cannot leave it all behind. Command me not to go!"

One test of the book's breadth of vision is that, again unlike most histories for children, it does glowing and fairly equal justice to both Cromwell and Charles I.; it traces the growth of the nation, the awakening of the people, the evolution of popular government, and recounts the revolutions and wars that accompanied these developments, deftly, swiftly, attractively. To say that, especially in the later chapters, there are touches of social and political bias, is to say nothing worse than that the authors are human, and have coloured their narrative with their own strong personal opinions. One is tempted in every chapter to quote from the poems, from "William the Conqueror's Work"; from "My Father's Chair"; from "Before Edgehill"; from the haunting lyric of "The Dawn Wind," but these and the rest are things to be read in their entirety. It is sufficient that it is good history, all the better for being delightfully readable, and the tone and character of its teaching, the ultimate moral it is calculated to leave sown in the mind of a youthful reader (safely sure to cut the politics and get to the tale), are put into definite shape in the last stanza of "Together" that closes the chapter on Queen Elizabeth:

"It is not wealth nor talk nor trade nor schools nor even the Vote,
Will save your land when the enemy's hand is tightening round your throat.
But a King and a People who thoroughly trust each other in all that is done
Can sleep on their bed without any dread—for the world will leave 'em alone!"

POLIDORI AND "THE VAMPYRE."*

Mr. William Rossetti places on his title-page this motto:

"Mi fur mostrati gli spiriti magni
Che del vederlo in me stesso n'esalto."

These are the words with which Dante prefaces his list of Hector, Æneas, Homer, Horace, Socrates, Plato, Empedocles, Saladin, Galen, Seneca and the other non-Christian worthies whom he saw in the verdant meadow of the first circle of the Inferno.

The quotation is appropriate, for undoubtedly Polidori owes all the fame he has to his association with the "mighty spirits" of Byron and Shelley. He was born in 1795, and took his degree of medicine at Edinburgh when he was only nineteen. He was a man of ability, who with a little more ballast need not have made shipwreck of his life. He was but twenty years of age when Sir Henry Halford recommended him to Byron for the position of travelling physician, but his temperament did not lead to harmony either with his employer or with Shelley—whom on one occasion he threatened to shoot. After the termination of the engagement with Byron he went to Milan, where he had a foolish altercation with an Austrian officer in the theatre which led to his expulsion from the city, and might have had still more unpleasant consequences but for the intervention of Byron, Hobhouse, and Mgr. de Brême. He returned to England, practised a little in Norwich, and in 1821 committed suicide at his father's house in London because of a gambling debt he was unable to pay.

The "Diary" now printed evidently had its origin in a sort of commission from Murray to write an account of the tour for publication, but much of it is fragmentary, though not too fragmentary to have been of use. The writer is self-revealed as impetuous, not to say quarrelsome, with a capacity for getting into scrapes, and with little—too little—of the Puritan in his composition. He is observant, interested in art, and has a keen eye both for men and things. He had also a passion for book-hunting, as appears by this item: "When at Milan, I spent almost all my money in books, buying nearly 300 volumes, not being able to resist that thirst for printed sheets, many of which I shall never read." He was the author of several forgotten books, and of one remembered, even if unread; of two tragedies, some poems, an essay on the source of positive pleasure, a dissertation on the punishment of death, the story of "Ernestus Berchtold," and a medical thesis on oneirodynia, which surprised one of his Swiss friends by the absence of paradox. He also, as we learn from Mr. Rossetti, wrote the text for Bridgens's "Sketches Illustrative of the Manners and Costumes of France, Switzerland, and Italy." The literary interest, however, of Polidori centres in "The Vampyre," which was printed in the *New Monthly Magazine* of April, 1819, with a statement that it was sent by a Genevan correspondent as the work of Lord Byron—who promptly denied the authorship. It was reprinted in a pamphlet which is stated on the title-page to have been "entered at Stationers' Hall, March 27, 1819," and was not issued by the publisher of the magazine. This pamphlet is made up of the letter from Geneva, the story, and a detailed "account of Lord Byron's residence on the island of Mitylene"—on whose shore Byron tells us he had never set foot! Mr. Rossetti prints from Polidori's drafts the letters written by him both to Colbourn and to the *Morning Chronicle* in contradiction of Byron's authorship of the tale. Yet an illustrated edition of "The Vampyre, by Lord Byron," was to be had half a century later—for a penny—in spite of the several disclaimers of Byron and Polidori. But Byron had in reality some responsibility for "The Vampyre." When at Cologny, Byron, Polidori, Shelley, Mary Shelley, and Clare Clairmont each agreed to write a story containing some supernatural element. (It was at this time that Byron's recital of the description of the witch woman from "Christabel" proved too much for Shelley's excited imagination.) The greatest result of this plan was Mary Shelley's wonderful romance of "Frankenstein." Polidori states that he wrote "Ernestus Berchtold" under this agreement, though it does not correspond to Mrs. Shelley's account of his story; Shelley and Clare presumably evaded their responsibility, as nothing of theirs is known to have appeared. Byron wrote a fragment which was printed with the first edition of "Mazeppa." Polidori in conversation with the Countess Breuss mentioned the theme of Byron's unfinished and abandoned story. She did not think anything could be made of it, whereupon, in order to demonstrate its literary possibilities, the doctor, at her request, wrote "The Vampyre," using Byron's groundwork, but of course his

* "The Diary of Dr. John William Polidori, 1816, relating to Byron, Shelley, etc." Edited and elucidated by William Michael Rossetti. 4s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

own phraseology. Such is Polidori's statement, which there seems no good reason to doubt. The MS. apparently was not sent for publication by him, and the unknown "Genevan correspondent," whom Mr. Rossetti suggests may have been Madame Gatelier, claims to be possessed of the outline of each of the three stories. Polidori demanded from the publishers his share of the profits of "The Vampyre," and thought they ought to have been nearly £300 instead of the £30 which was offered him. As "The Vampyre" contains only about 4,000 words, and did not come to a second edition, the author probably exaggerated the pecuniary results of his labours. The Genevan letter and the fabulous Mitylene chronicle—which absorb fifty-four of the pamphlet's eighty-four pages—he did not claim, nor does it clearly appear how they came into the hands of the publisher.

The Vampyre story, however unpleasant, is effective. The vampyre supersition was familiar to Byron, as we know from the passage in the "Giaour." The belief is common in Greece, Russia, and the Slavonic lands generally; the vampyre of folk-lore has some relation both to the ghoul and the werewolf. Those who are interested in this gruesome myth may usefully consult the studies of Mannhardt and Hock. As material for literature the fable has attracted Goethe and Turgeniev, as well as Byron and Southey. But no writer has made better use of it than Polidori. It is lamentable that a lack of self-discipline and ethical control should have brought him in his prime to a suicide's grave.

Mr. Rossetti has rightly printed this diary for the sake of its notices of the great spirits with whom Polidori associated, but it has an independent value as a record of impressions of continental travel at a period of exceptional interest.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

BRIEUX.*

Brieux, it is to be feared, is little more than a name to ordinary English playgoers, and this though he belongs to the older generation of French dramatists, and may be classed, along with Paul Hervieu, as the leader of that generation. Our ignorance is, no doubt, shockingly insular, but then Paris herself is not so proud of him as perhaps she ought to be, and he has never been very popular with the critics of his own country, because he constantly commits what is, to their way of thinking, the cardinal offence of subordinating art to moral purposes. In pursuit of such aims he has handled very delicate and sometimes very ugly problems; he has, too, an uncomfortable habit of calling a spade a spade. The result has been that he has had his troubles with the censorship—even in France, while that institution still existed under the Republic, and over here—through his would-be interpreters—he has come into conflict again and again with our Licenser of Plays. English folk in the mass, when all is said, are not very inquisitive about banned fiction or drama, and since the two best-known works of Brieux, "Maternité" and "Les Trois Filles du M. Dupont," have never obtained the censor's licence, our public has scarcely had a chance of seeing this author at his best or getting used to his methods. It was able, of course, at the Garrick Theatre to study a representative play of his in "La Robe Rouge," but that might almost be spoken of as a solitary production—the only other examples of his art to be staged in London being "La Foi," otherwise "False Gods," a spectacular and pretentious drama not at all in his usual vein, and "Les Hannetons," which, I fancy, did not travel far beyond the suburbs. That ironic comedy, which illustrates so amusingly how a liaison may impose more binding fetters on a man than the least happy of marriages, shows Brieux in his brightest and least-mannered vein, but it deals too realistically with its problem to please our stage-sentimentalists. Indeed it is unlikely, were the most unexpected relaxations of our censorship's rigours to take place, that the author of "M. Dupont's Three Daughters" would ever be able to number a large English following—he will insist on writing so-called "unpleasant" plays. But there must be a considerable reading public among us which would gladly make his acquaintance, and so there should be a welcome for the volume in which are now published for the first time in English form "Maternité" and the companion-piece we are not permitted to see in a London playhouse, as well as a third play, "Les Avariés," which, did it ever come his way, would shock our licenser even more than did Ibsen's "Ghosts." Two of these three dramas are issued in the texts prepared for and used at the Stage Society's private performances; "Les Avariés" has been translated by Mr. John Pollock, who also gives us in English M. Brieux's revised version of "Maternité." The book thus constituted should enjoy all the *réclame* which a preface from the pen of Mr. Bernard Shaw and his enthusiastic championship of his French colleague may be counted upon to secure. For "G. B. S." has come gallantly to the rescue in true "entente cordiale" spirit and could hardly have displayed more earnestness and enthusiasm in their support had the plays been his own.

We can easily understand why M. Brieux appeals to the author of "Candida." To Mr. Bernard Shaw the Frenchman must seem a brother in arms, because both of them are propagandists. Brieux, to be sure, adheres much more faithfully than does the Irish playwright to the older technique of the drama. But both men in their different ways want to use the stage as a pulpit for the enunciation of unconventional ideas; they are both men with a mission, social reformers, satirists of the evils and the lethargy of their time. But there are always pitfalls lurking in the path of the doctrinaire, and never more so than where the footlights cast their shadows. To wish to preach in the playhouse is inevitably to run the risk of being tediously didactic, and whereas Mr. Bernard Shaw's nimble wit generally enables him to skirt this danger, because even in his most outrageous defiances of respectability he contrives to provoke laughter, M. Brieux is only saved, and not always saved, by his sense of character and of dramatic situation. There are times when the Frenchman's thesis-plays degenerate into tracts. "Les Avariés" is a case in point. The subject of this piece is likely to prevent it from ever obtaining a public performance, and it is not the sort of subject that I should care to particularise, though it is treated, I must say, conscientiously, and up to a certain point artistically. The first act shows you a patient who is on the eve of marriage consulting a physician in order to be cured of a disease, and being warned by that physician that he ought not to marry for years. In the second act you see that he has defied his doctor's instructions and you watch all the evil consequences which were predicted accumulating upon him with tragic completeness. But the closing act is virtually a monologue of the doctor's in which, addressing the rebellious husband's father-in-law, who happens to be a deputy, he enlarges on the ignorance wherein the public is kept as to this special disease, and illustrates the fatal effects of such ignorance by calling into consultation one or another of his hospital patients. Here, surely, we have didacticism running riot.

It should be noted, too, that M. Brieux's love of ramming home his moral seriously affects the construction of his plays; he has a weakness for the set scene, because that enables him to dramatise his theme on a big spectacular scale. Mr. Shaw talks of him as cutting off for us slices of life in his plays and of his bringing order and connection into the chaos of every-day experience, as the artist should, by his arrangement and selection of events. But really M. Brieux's methods of selection are extremely arbitrary and sacrifice plausibility only too often to the desire for

* "Three Plays by Brieux." With a Preface by Bernard Shaw. 5s. net. (Fifield.)

effect. He is too fond of piecing together the abnormal and the unusual, and offering this as a representation of ordinary life: he is too ready to confine the range of his characters so that they are all made to personify, as it were, some conceivable phase of his thesis. Thus in "Maternity" you are introduced to an official who addresses local mayors and provincials on the necessity of repopulating the country, and yet he turns out of doors his wife's young sister because she is about to become the mother of an illegitimate child. His wife, again, is shown as being forced to bear him offspring that inherit from him an alcoholic taint. Four women are presented in one room together, weeping in different corners over the lot of motherhood, while into the last act are crowded a number of persons concerned in a series of illegal operations. A similar artificiality of grouping is to be found, though to a less degree, in "Mr. Dupont's Three Daughters." The truth of the matter is, M. Brieux looks at life too much from the medical point of view. Alcohol, sex-disorders, the marriage of convenience, are to him the curses of our civilisation, and he sees them everywhere. Of the amenities of existence, of normal folk, of their natural yearnings for romance and beauty, he takes too little account. So feeling keenly about what he conceives as amiss among us, he turns his dramatis personæ, just as does Mr. Shaw, into marionettes, twists them this way and that to suit his own scheme or theories, and puts into their mouths inappropriate lengths of rhetoric—with the consequence that his "realism" proves to be little less mechanical than the sentimental drama it is intended to replace. Both "Maternité" and "Les Trois Filles" are strong and moving dramas, their shortcomings notwithstanding, and I fail to see how public performances of either could have any but the most severely moral influence on audiences. On the other hand I feel bound to regard Mr. Shaw's critical judgment as going sadly astray when he exalts Brieux to the level of Molière, and tells us the former is the greatest writer in tragi-comedy France has produced since the author of "Tartuffe." If that were true, how happy we ought to feel in this country, for we have one playwright to-day—Mr. Galsworthy, I mean—who can beat M. Brieux at his own game. But in this connection Mr. Shaw is blinded by his intellectual sympathies.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE FANTASTIC MR. LOCKE.*

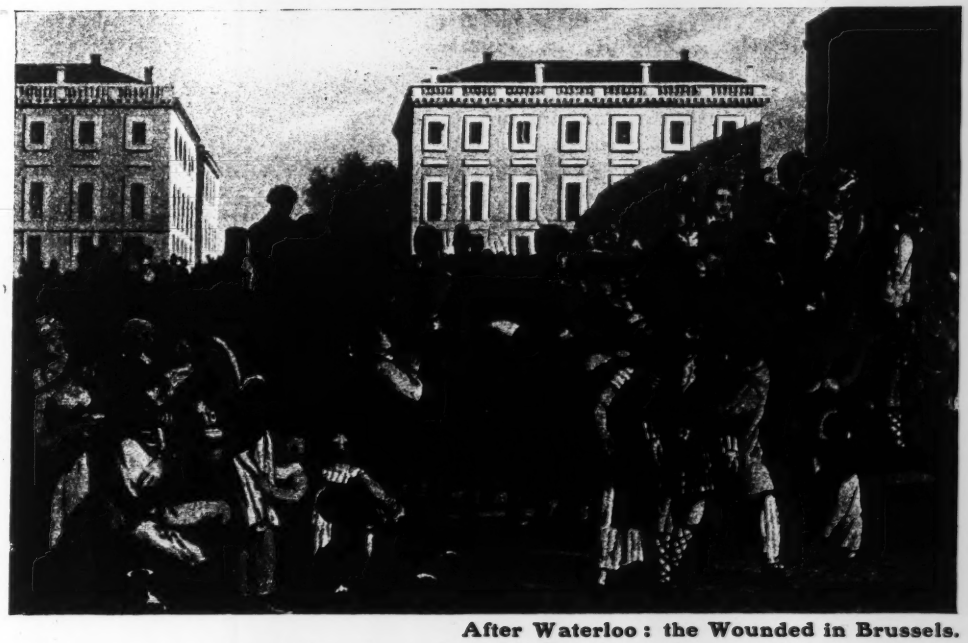
Mr. Locke enjoys the rare and peculiar power of being consistently fantastic. He does not, as many novelists do, project a few fantastic figures against a normal and realistic background. The world he creates is complete to the last detail with every line so subtilely distorted that we fail to detect any conspicuous departure from the normal. In Mr. Locke's novels the unexpected is always happening in the most natural way. All his characters are a little mad, but they are so nicely adjusted to one another that we scarcely notice it. This nice adjustment is Mr. Locke's secret, and to attempt to summarise one of his stories is unfair, except on the understanding that the summary is only intended for the guidance of the devout Lockian anxious to know how the latest book compares with "The Beloved Vagabond," which for all true Lockians remains the touchstone and the norm. On this point let us say at once that if we are to assign what economists call an "index number" to "The Glory of Clementina Wing," in our judgment that number would be somewhere about ten per cent. below the index number of "The Beloved Vagabond."

The early part of the book is more concerned with Ephraim Quixtus than with Clementina. Ephraim was necessary to Clementina. He was, in fact, destined to be her raw material. Mr. Locke knew it, but Clementina did not, and consequently she was very rude to Ephraim, as indeed she was to most other people. A mocking destiny had made Ephraim Quixtus a solicitor, probably the worst ever admitted to a much-maligned and honourable profession. By temperament he was an antiquarian. "His mind attributed far greater importance to the sharp flint instruments wherewith primitive men settled their quarrels by whanging each other over the head than to the miserable instruments on parchment which adjusted the sordid wrangles of the present generation." So he left the sordid wrangles to be adjusted by his partner and devoted his energies to presiding over the Anthropological Society. Unhappily the temptation offered by the innocence of Quixtus, an innocence sufficiently remarkable in an ordinary man, but stupendous in a solicitor, was too much for his partner's honesty. The old-established firm of Quixtus & Son came to a terrific smash, and the judge was, to put it mildly, most unsympathetic. But worse was to follow. Like Job, Ephraim was overwhelmed by an avalanche of disasters. He lost an inheritance to which he had looked forward from boyhood: he found in his dead wife's desk a letter which seemed to leave no doubt that she had betrayed him with his dearest friend, and lastly, a little coterie of wastrels whom he had befriended in his prosperity proved false to him in his hour of need. The bottom was knocked out of his world. Something snapped in his brain, and convinced that there was no good anywhere, he determined to become desperately wicked. Fortunately, or unfortunately, he found that wickedness was not so easily accomplished as he imagined. Ephraim was a gentleman, and to any one handicapped by a scholarly temperament and a horror of vulgarity, a career of vice presents grave difficulties. Crime in the vulgar police-court sense was out of the question, apart from the unpleasantness of its consequences. The turf proved monotonously and disappointingly honest. With an ignorance of horses only equalled by his ignorance of law, Ephraim found himself winning money which he did not want from coarse Hebrews whom he intensely disliked. So, as a last resort, he determined on the desperate expedient of breaking a woman's heart, with only the dimmest notion of how that object was to be achieved: and that was where Clementina came in.

Clementina, too, had seen the bottom knocked out of her world. But she had fought her way through and emerged at thirty-five hard and battered, a portrait-painter famous for the brilliance of her technique and the sharpness of her tongue. How Clementina rescued Quixtus, and found her real self in the process, we leave Mr. Locke's readers to find out for themselves. Suffice it to say that the chapters describing Clementina's motor tour through France with Tommy Burgrave, the delightful and entirely natural *jeune premier* of the story, are in Mr. Locke's best manner. He has done nothing better than the simple, unstrained pathos of the chapter in which Clementina, realising that Tommy's love is hers if she will, gently surrenders him to the charming *ingenue* Etta Concannon, without his ever suspecting the sacrifice she has made. Finally, she emerges a brilliant butterfly from her chrysalis of Bohemianism, and after defeating the professional siren, an unconvincing and conventional character, with her own weapons, she finds in the arms of the transformed Quixtus the happiness which she had supposed irrevocably lost. "Woman," according to Mr. Locke, "has always her sex hanging round the neck of her spirit." The thesis is disputable, and Mr. Locke is clearly not one of the heroes of Caxton Hall and Clement's Inn. But true or not as a general proposition, it is certainly true of Clementina; and Clementina is one of the most fascinating of Mr. Locke's creations, which is all that matters. The dialogue is as a whole less prodigally witty than in "The Beloved Vagabond," but it is always easy and often brilliant, and the descriptive passages are tantalisingly short.

* "The Glory of Clementina Wing." By W. J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)

SIR JOHN HALL.*



After Waterloo: the Wounded in Brussels.
From "The Life and Letters of Sir John Hall," by S. M. Mitra. (Longmans.)

A new era of literature opens when a Hindu gentleman compiles the biography of a distinguished Englishman. We are accustomed to see Egyptian problems discussed in excellent idiomatic English by a native Egyptian, and Mr. Mitra himself, after spending only four or five years in this country, gave us a most creditable disquisition on the problems to be solved in India.

But in this volume he breaks new ground, for Sir John Hall's connection with India was of the slightest. His life work was done in the West Indies, Spain, South America, and above all in the Crimea, yet his Hindu biographer shows himself perfectly at home with the history and atmosphere of each of these countries, and Sir John Hall's greatest admirer cannot complain that injustice has been done to the merits of the man or the interest of his life. If anything, the biographer is a little too conscientious. The copious letters written from the Cape will be skipped by the judicious reader, for the Kaffir wars in which the surgeon bore a part present no features of permanent interest, unless we make an exception in favour of the description of Sir Harry Smith and his masterly dealings with the natives. His manner of bringing a war to an end should stand as a classic example of how to deal with tribes in this stage of civilisation. His two great weapons were, first, great rapidity and resolution in his movements: he once rode six hundred miles in six days; and secondly, a dictatorial manner of addressing the Kaffirs; he never stooped to argue: he simply announced his will. The natives recognised a strong man and humbly did his bidding, while they mocked at the kindly philanthropists who treated them as brothers. The prolonged travels and experiences in Spain might also have been much condensed, although Sir John came across some startling instances of highway robbery and blackmail.

More interesting is the surgeon's connection with the historical flogging of White the Hussar, whose subsequent death set the heather on fire in England and kept it burning until flogging was abolished in the army. Sir John himself absolutely refused to see any cause and effect in the matter. The 150 lashes, he notes, "merely abraded the skin; the true skin was not cut through by the flogging." The real value of the book lies in the testimony of the principal medical officer in the Crimea to the woeful bungling that disgraced that war. Mr. Mitra deals in masterly fashion with this all-important subject. He shows us the wretched soldiers harassed with excessively long hours of work, debilitated by constant exposure to wet, wearing their sodden clothes for weeks at a time, deprived of the proper means of cooking their food—but there is no need to recapitulate the horrors. The rate of mortality exceeded that of the great plague in the population of London. The all-important question of the responsibility for these tragedies is admirably handled by the biographer, who quotes from all the leading authorities. At the same time the exaggerations of Dr. W. H. Russell are exposed, and due stress is laid on the effect of the long train of mischances, such as the loss of the *Prince* with stores on board, the destruction by fire of the commissariat at Varna, and so forth. A somewhat novel light is also thrown on Miss Nightingale's work, with which Sir John was evidently not in absolute sympathy. The book, in fact, is a valuable addition to the literature of the war.

* "Life and Letters of Sir John Hall." By S. M. Mitra. 16s. net. (Longmans.)

THE POET LAUREATE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

"The pitfall of autobiographies," as Mr. Alfred Austin says in his first chapter, "is egotism"; but no man ever believes himself to be an egotist, and if Mr. Austin has fallen into that pit we are not going to cast the first stone. The mere fact that a man sits down to write his autobiography indicates that he is so far satisfied of his importance that he considers the world will be pleased to know all about him, and since the nation has officially crowned Mr. Austin as its representative poet he has more reason than have many autobiographers for the faith that is in him. If he failed to take himself seriously, indeed, he would put a slight upon our rulers who showed him how to do so.

The most interesting, and perhaps the most important, passages in these two handsome volumes are those that relate their author's experiences as a journalist and as a politician. He was for a long time chief leader-writer for the *Standard*; the late Lord Salisbury respected his judgment, and he was in the confidence of Bismarck; he was a war-correspondent through the Franco-German War, and gives some vivid accounts of the campaigning; but when he comes to the story of his literary life, the record loses colour and much of it is superficial and too complacent in tone. He quotes largely from poems written at various periods and gives rather too much space to telling how they came to be written and the pleasant things that personal friends have said of them. He knew Trollope and Lord Lytton, but does not attempt any live

* "The Autobiography of Alfred Austin." 2 Vols. Illustrated. 24s. net. (Macmillan.)

sketch of the men and adds nothing to our knowledge of them. The only one of his contemporary authors of whom he really supplies any information is Tennyson. There was a time when Mr. Austin wrote very disparagingly of Tennyson, and probably there were and are others besides Matthew Arnold who more or less shared his views; but he came to recognise his errors and largely recanted them, and later he met Tennyson, who condoned the past and in his closing years counted him among his friends.

Fortune has been so kind to Mr. Austin all along that he can afford to laugh at the unkindnesses of some of his critics. He knows nothing of the garret; he never served that apprenticeship to poverty which is supposed to do so much in the making of poets, and if his poetry has lost anything on that score his life has gained so considerably that he need not regret it. His father was a Leeds wool-stapler, and Mr. Austin was so happily circumstanced that he was able to abandon a career at the Bar in order to follow the way of life that appealed to him more strongly. He has written many books in prose and verse; has given and received a goodly share of hard knocks in print; has run a long and successful course and enjoyed it, and it is good to find him writing of it all at length with so little bitterness, so much urbanity and contentment. His remarks on latter-day politics are sometimes unfortunate, but they are the natural views of one who has travelled an easy road and cannot realise that in other paths are travellers who bruise their feet against many stones, and in this perhaps lies the main value and interest of Mr. Austin's autobiography, that it is the frank itinerary of a lucky poet who has learned in comfort what he has taught in song.

A.

THE CELTIC SPIRIT.*

Most if not all of Dr. Meyer's translations have appeared before in journals and books not seen by the general reader. To him, therefore, they will be new, and if he wants to meet the Celtic spirit in its intensity and greatest beauty he should look here. The translations are admirable, being in unaffected prose that is always intelligible and suggests the beauty which it cannot wholly express far better than any verse but a great poet's or any other prose whatever could do. Once only Dr. Meyer uses verse, and though it is hard to point to the fault, it is very much inferior. The pieces range from four lines to about fifty in length; they number about fifty and are divided chiefly under the headings of "Myth and Saga," "Religious Poetry," "Songs of Nature," "Love Poetry" and "Bardic Poetry." To enjoy some of them at once it is perhaps necessary to have some slight prejudice in their favour. The strange names and the references to an unfamiliar mythology may be an obstacle; on the other hand, they can be a positive advantage. But a large proportion of them are of a clear if unusual beauty. There are, for example, the farewell of Deirdre to Alba, her lament over Noisi and his brothers, the sons of Usnagh. There are no more beautiful elegies. They combine in an extraordinary way a dramatic natural poignancy with a rich beauty of art. The most immediately attractive class is that of "Songs of Nature." The natural element pervades every class, notably the religious—the hermit's song, *e.g.*, is one of longing for "a little hidden hut in the wilderness," and for leeks, hens, salmon, trout, and bees. When Carbery asked King Cormac his habits as a lad he began by saying:

> "I was a listener in woods,
> I was a gazer at stars."

Then he went on with "I was mild in the mead-hall," etc. And this must have been exactly true of many in that civilisation. Many are the poems in Irish and Welsh of which the following is only a very brief and refined example. It is called "The Scribe:"

> "A hedge of trees surrounds me,
> A blackbird's lay sings to me:
> Above my lined booklet
> The trilling birds chant to me.
>
> "In a grey mantle from the top of bushes
> The cuckoo sings:
> Verily—may the Lord shield me!—
> Well do I write under the greenwood."

The finest poem of this kind in the book is a dialogue between a seventh-century king and his hermit brother, ending with the king's wish to give up his kingdom for the hermitage. This had possibly become a convention, but only because the truth was so familiar; and whether kings or their brothers did so or not, the writer of the poem loved the wild and the wild life with a robustness and also a delicacy that it would be hard to parallel in modern writing. He loved not only the trees and singing birds and the flowers, but the badger's brood that came to his haunts, and the "goodly sweet tangle." This combination of robustness and delicacy is characteristic. When the delicacy has the upper hand it transmutes everything out of this world into another—into the Celtic world. For me one of the most attractive poems in the book is "The Hosts of Faery," where this delicacy has the upper hand. It is composed of nothing but solid, tangible things, and yet the effect is something lighter than Botticelli's "Spring." It ends:

> "No wonder though their strength be great:
> Sons of queens and kings are one and all;
> On their heads are
> Beautiful golden-yellow manes.
>
> "With smooth comely bodies,
> With bright blue-starred eyes,
> With pure crystal teeth,
> With thin red lips.
>
> "Good they are at man-slaying,
> Melodious in the ale-house,
> Masterly at making songs,
> Skilled at playing *fidchell*."

(Fidchell is a game like draughts or chess.) I have not space to analyse the charm, but I know that the antiquity of the piece is a great part of it: so much of the beliefs and ideas of the composer have faded away and have left a skeleton to be clothed by some mysterious process of the reader's mind, where those beliefs and ideas are not dead but metamorphosed. See also Colum Cille's "Greeting to Ireland": his angels are like those seen by Blake as a child.

Something of the same charm of clear strangeness may be traced in Miss Ella Young's retellings of old Irish tales, of which the only fault is that the faeriness of the original has been supplemented by something a little too delicate in the re-teller. Lady Gregory's tales have not the same fault. They have the same charm, but in a higher degree. They have mystery without any mist whatever, but on the contrary great clearness and vivacity. Chiefly astonishing things happen but as if nothing were so natural. Miss Gonne's illustrations are very slender and exquisite. Miss Gregory's are deliberately naïve.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "Ancient Irish Poetry." Selected and Translated by Kuno Meyer. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Celtic Wonder Tales." Retold by Ella Young. Illustrated and Decorated by Maud Gonne. "The Kiltartan Wonder Book." By Lady Gregory. Illustrated by Margaret Gregory. 3s. 6d. net each. (Dublin: Maunsel.)

OF MANY COUNTRIES.*

Let us not be accused of insularity. Here are seven books of fiction, and of these one and one only is a story of English people in England. This cosmopolitanism is admirable in the abstract; in the concrete it has given us some excellent reading. Whatever mood it was that inspired Mr. de Vere Stacpoole to write "The Ship of Coral," we may be thankful for it. A fine dramatic unity governs this thrilling story. The end of Simon Serpente, the most evil of the old-time pirates who infested the Caribbean sea, had been long a mystery, and its discovery was destined to set in train another tragedy of cupidity and destiny. Serpente's vessel had undergone a sea-change into a "ship of coral" when it was found by Yves and Gaspard, the sole survivors of the *Rhone*, and arresting is the author's description of it. The tragedy quickly develops. Yves is murdered by his foolish companion, who is presently in the blackmailing grasp of his rescuer, the sinister Captain Sagesse. The return of these two to the scene of the wreck is followed by the nemesis of the blackmailer, and at last Gaspard, with his sins purged somewhat by the terrors he has endured, returns with the ill-starred wealth to his true love in St. Pierre, only to find the town buried in the dust and ashes of Pelée. The tragedy is lightened at the end, but without diminution of its impressiveness. Of the plot it may be true to say that it is only familiar material brilliantly rehandled. But the writing of the book sets it far above the common. The scenery is touched in with remarkable skill, and unfolds a series of word-pictures of noticeable force and beauty. The description of the ruined city of St. Pierre is a bit of highly finished craftsmanship, and it is only one of many pages that add to a substantial feast of romantic adventure the relish of a finely-wrought style.

"Marrying Money," by Louis Vance, gains strength as it advances. From a slightly unsure, amateurish beginning in New York, the story travels with its hero to Radville, Pennsylvania, and emerges as a racy chronicle of homely doings in the small country town. Nathaniel Duncan, who, in spite of the help of friends, has proved himself a most unbusiness-like failure times without number, sets out, as a forlorn hope, to "marry money," and in the attempt proves himself to be a business man of no mean order; and his way of making money instead of marrying it, and his way of making love instead of faking it, are diverting methods, showing, too, an America very different from the America of New York.

Out of his detestation of the America which had hustled the life out of him, old Richard Marlowe, in the first chapters of Priscilla Craven's novel, "The School of Love," leaves his hardly won fortune to his little grand-daughter Verity, on condition that she shall in due time marry an Englishman. Verity, on the verge of womanhood, is brought to England, and meets the sort of Englishman who is so often the "type" in twentieth-century novels; "no plaster saint," but "a good sort." Needless to say there are rocks ahead for poor Verity—also for the "type." Miss Craven's Englishman had a past, but we are glad that she allows him a future. The more American portions of the story are the best; the more tragic English chapters have an undesirable hint of "propaganda" about them.

In "Lilamani," Maud Diver deals with the matter of marriage between an Englishman and an Indian girl. She calls her story "a study in possibilities," and presents an interesting single case, from which it is impossible to generalise. Her heroine is a high-caste Indian girl who is married for love by a baronet's son. There are many difficulties to be overcome before the idyllic courtship and marriage is allowed; but the greater difficulties are, in truth, the deeper ones of race which time reveals. Mrs. Diver's clever handling of this "possibility" does not take us far towards the overthrow of racial barriers. The problem is a difficult one to deal with in fiction as in ethnology, and it is no small praise to Mrs. Diver that in her hands the theme is treated with undoubted romantic charm.

"The Heath Hover Mystery," by Bertram Mitford, is frankly a tale of secret and unexplained evil happenings, touched with the glamour of Eastern romance. The important thing in the story is a star with deadly points, and its fateful influence on an otherwise normal English household is told of with a skilful prolonging of the mystery.

The moral—if the old-fashioned term be still pardonable—of Mr. Jack London's new novel, "Burning Daylight," is identical with that of "The Ship of Coral." Elam Harnish, who owed his sobriquet, Burning Daylight, to his aggressive insistence on early rising, made fame and fortune as a Klondike pioneer, and repeated his success as a financial magnate in the States. Morally and physically this lovable giant wilted in the artificial atmosphere of American finance, and late in the day Love opened his eyes to the vanity of it all. In the first half of the novel, Burning Daylight abundantly proves his claim to the enviable reputation of being "nervy, straight, and white," and the story ends by picturing him a poor but happy Benedick, holding his happiness cheaply won at the sacrifice of thirty million dollars. Burning Daylight is a gallant hero of a fine story. He had a rare skill in dancing, and it would not be surprising if he were to be seen before very long "shaking a leg" beyond the footlights.

In drawing the character of Oliver Lumley in "Oliver's Kind Women," the satirical powers of Mr. Philip Gibbs are seen to excellent advantage. Though tempered with humour the satire is sharp, and it bears unmistakable proof of its sincerity and first-hand origin. Oliver is the good-looking son of a poor City clerk, and his good looks win him the partiality of most of the women who touch his life—the only note of criticism coming from his sister, whose life is likely to be crushed under the exacting selfishness of Oliver's artistic development. Oliver is a sorry figure in comparison with every other character in the story, and it is a kindly fate that leads him at last to mediocre affluence by writing serials for the kitchen. The shoddy side of Soho literary Bohemianism is mercilessly exposed, and there is a fine Thackerayan flavour in the description of the Wastrels' Club. Oliver's "head was in a whirl. . . . This was Life! This was the folly of youth! . . . It was magnificent anyhow, although as regards youthfulness he was surprised at the numbers of middle-aged men who took part in the mad merriment." The most important member of the club was Mr. Burden, who paid for all the drinks, and who kept "a hat-shop in the City, 303 Cheapside. Home Address, 22 Primrose Villas, Dulwich."

L. Q. C.

* "The Ship of Coral." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"Marrying Money." By Louis J. Vance. 6s. (Grant Richards.)—"Lilamani: A Study in Possibilities." By Maud Diver. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"Burning Daylight." By Jack London. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"The School of Love." By Priscilla Craven. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)—"The Heath Hover Mystery." By Bertram Mitford. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)—"Oliver's Kind Women." By Philip Gibbs. 6s. (Herbert & Daniel.)

WEST MEETS EAST.*

We may have our suspicions of a book which in about 100,000 words will undertake to give a picture of the gorgeous East. Perhaps the countrymen of Mr. Collier have alone compiled 100,000 of such breathless books, and though these are not wholly without value, they are tedious. Why should we wade through such another, when we probably shall be confronted with the same impressions, practically, of the self-same objects? And Mr. Collier is a hustler, even if, like Mr. Pierpont Morgan, he be given to the arts. We jump about from one thing to another, now appreciating, now rebuking, always—so it seems—with

* "The West in the East." By Price Collier. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

eyes wide open; and he would persuade us that the Japanese will like his book far better than the work of Loti. "More than half the distrust between one another, of the nations of the earth," he says, "is due to nothing more mysterious than just plain, complete and indifferent ignorance." He is severe upon the amateur who has been usually sent to fill a diplomatic post of Uncle Sam's, and probably he would himself be far too independent for the diplomatic service in a day when Foreign Secretaries have you at a cable's length. It may not have been wise for the United States to send as far as San Francisco Mr. Crane, a gentleman with whom I travelled in the mountains of Bulgaria when he was far from thinking, I believe, that he would ever be appointed Minister to China, which is the most trying diplomatic post, says Mr. Taft, which he can offer. Mr. Crane unbent himself unfortunately in an interview, and had to go from San Francisco back to Washington. The beau ideal of a modern diplomat would seem to be the difference between Mr. Collier and Mr. Crane. As for Mr. Collier and his interesting book, his strong opinions well expressed—we feel that we are sitting in the splendid library of the Union League Club in Fifth Avenue, while this most firm and strenuous Republican is entertaining us—it may be said at once that like all men of strong opinions he attracts us and repels. But, after all, we need not dwell upon the little frailties, the somewhat too insistent information that he had good introductions. This is merely personal, and makes us turn with some relief to Borrow, who did not go out with introductions to Galicia and the inns thereof. Mr. Collier openly confesses—only he does not appear to think it matters—that the Japanese were looking after him when he was in Korea. They would certainly take most elaborate precautions with a man so hard to please as Mr. Collier, and it is sincerely to be hoped that when he goeth out again into the glamorous East he will rely upon his own resources, which are doubtless more than adequate. His attitude throughout is that of an Imperialist, the newest product of the States; and I am very much intrigued to know what his opinions are about the future of the Mexican Republic and of those which intervene between it and the so-called Republic of Panama.

Mr. Price Collier.

The greatest portion of this book deals with the Indian Empire. "Many Englishmen," he says, "whose fate and fortune and empire are dependent upon the success of their rule in India, seem to be interested in India as sympathetically and as intelligently as the Irishmen in the funeral procession. The long line of carriages was obliged to halt at a certain street-crossing. A passer-by near one of the carriages asked an Irishman sitting inside whose funeral it was. 'Shure an' I dunno,' was the reply, 'I'm only in for the roide.'" This American critic in his searching, rather disconnected, sometimes disconcerting book, is well worth reading, and will more especially appeal to those whose Toryness approaches his in crustiness.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

"POOR RACHEL!" *

Mr. Gribble's realistic method is seen to great advantage in this candid study of Rachel, the actress and the woman, and a few lines may be borrowed from the preface to give the reader his point of view:

"There have been a few actors and actresses (actresses more particularly) . . . great enough to be classed, not with public entertainers, but with public institutions; their personalities as well as their performances having counted in the social life of their times. Rachel's personality counted, beyond question, in that way. If she had not the whole world for her stage, she had the greater portion of the civilised world for her audience; and she held her audience, not merely as an artist, but as an individual. . . . Her biographer, therefore, has no right to flatter himself that he has finished his task when he has compiled a list of her professional engagements and buried her beneath a tumulus of adulatory press notices. The case is one of the few in which it is worth while to try to go further, drawing the portrait of an actress, and composing a picture of the social medium in which she moved."

The portrait that Mr. Gribble draws with signal skill is neither a flattering nor a contemptuous one. It is lifelike, omitting no needful shadows. Rachel the artist (and, within a somewhat narrow compass, probably the greatest in tragedy whom the world has seen) is indeed above all flattery. Her genius commanded, and homage—even of the extravagant sort—was her due portion. Of Rachel the woman it would be not impossible to write with some measure of contempt; but this would be worse than harsh, it would be unfair. For as Mr. Gribble himself says, the most faithful book about Rachel is chiefly a book of pity. What was best, and of course greatest, in her was beheld upon the stage. Away from it, she lived the fevered life of a much-courted woman who on the affective side was as really arid as Napoleon. There was no power of love in her, and the amours of a naturally loveless woman are tragical to contemplate. Rachel, moreover, at the very height of her career, was crucified in her soul by an unforgiving sickness: she felt herself to be—as in truth she was—mated with death. Consumption carried her off at thirty-eight.

She never lost, and was yet not much embittered by, certain hard and stinging memories of childhood. Out of the gutter veritably this Jew girl rose, if ever genius did. It may be no more than a legend that she remembered the little travelling cart of her father the Hebrew pedlar, out of which once (fortunately swathed in blankets) she rolled on to the road, and was temporarily lost. But she certainly remembered her cold and hungry days in Paris, when she roamed the streets and penetrated with her shy fierce look into cafés, singing to an old guitar songs that were not always very nice. At a supper-party in her grand days, when with a laughing ostentation she would trail her rich sleeves in the sauces—

"she confided to the company that she could not remember a time when she had been what the world calls 'innocent.' That, one may justly say, supposing it to be true (which is uncertain), was rather her misfortune than her fault; for respect for the innocence of young women is not numbered among the traditions of the gutter."

But from the penurious, precarious, and sorry situation of an Esmeralda of the boulevards and the cheaper cafés, Rachel ascended almost at one spring to the pedestal from which thenceforward she held her world in fee. She was at the fervour of eighteen, a-tremble with interpretative passion, when (in 1838) Jules Janin in the *Débats* and Mme. de Girardin in the *Presse* gave Paris to know that a new classic had come upon the boards of the Théâtre Français. Paris, so quick at taking in ideas, concurred with the critics. Here was something rather different from the talent (the very high and fine talent) of Mlle. Georges—Napoleon's "dear, kind Georgette." Naturally we are no longer able to say what was precisely the power, what precisely were the graces, that Rachel snatched upon the stage. If the genius of a player

* "Rachel: Her Stage and her Real Life." By Francis Gribble. With 6 Photogravures. 15s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The High Street, Antigonish.

From "Nova Scotia," by Beckles Willson. (Constable.)

confounds, as it usually does, contemporary criticism, posterity is needs at a hard pass to realise it truly. Whether, for instance, Rachel was as sheer or pure in her histrionic art as she seems beyond question to have been supreme in the qualities of will and intellect—who at this day shall venture to assert? In fifty years these not very profitable questions will be puzzling readers about Irving. She was originally at odds with her voice, as Irving was with his. An organ none too flexible as she received it from nature, none too melodious, she brought it into harmony with her tragic needs; and the low and curiously muffled notes of it, at her ripest period, possessed, says a critic of the last century, "a thrilling and penetrating quality that was irresistible."

Again, it is very worthy of note, as an index of the dynamic power of Rachel's genius, that she not only lifted the fortunes of the Français at their very ebb or reflux, but that she did this by compelling Paris to interest itself anew in a form of drama that had very nearly passed into disdain. She created a fresh and sincere taste for the classical, and she did this at the era when the later and most victorious of the champions of romanticism might be said to constitute the steel battalion of the footlights. The classical was all but routed when Rachel rallied and led it back for another hour's triumph.

Off the stage, too, the magnetic Jewess renewed her empire. In the Faubourg St. Germain, where it is said that her manner was always charming and refined, she was a frequent guest, until a somewhat too-well-advertised liaison occasioned her discomfiture. This was the affair with Prince Walewski (son of Napoleon and his devoted Polish countess) through which, as Mr. Gribble informs us, "the blood, if not the genius, of Napoleon has been transmitted to an esteemed contemporary manufacturer." Already, however, Rachel had felt the chill hand upon her, had glimpsed with inner sight that "silent shore" whither she was being relentlessly impelled. In revolt against the cruelty of the fate that claimed her, the frail, intoxicated genius flung herself into the whirl of life, pitting herself frantically against time. This fact, says Mr. Gribble—

> "is the clue to a great deal in Rachel's character and career. She was famous when she was young, and was exalted to a very delirium of delight; but the clouds were already stealing up foreshadowing the night. . . . Her chilling instinct of their advent grew gradually to a certain knowledge, and there were times when she spoke of her terror. Once at a rehearsal of 'Adrienne Lecouvreur' she burst, without apparent reason, into a flood of tears. Asked why she wept, she replied that it was because of her premonition that she, too, like the actress whom she was impersonating, was destined to die young and see the cup of rapture snatched from her lips almost before she had tasted it."

Hence she seizes upon life with both hands, calls upon the gods to send her in unstinted abundance glory and praise and love and gold and diamonds. Well, she got all of these; yet, in respect of love, there is no single great romance in all her splendid chapter, for love was a thing that she herself had not to give. Nevertheless, love she still pursued, as well as riches and renown; speeding from Paris to London, to St. Petersburg, to New York, to Cairo: "and having earned one fortune by her talents, acquired a second by spoiling the Egyptians."

A good deal of this is, of course, not very sympathetic; but this was Rachel's life, a strange mingling of the great and brilliant with the avaricious and ignoble. Let us remember the supreme tragedian, and remember also the lament that was often on her lips: "Poor Rachel! Poor Rachel!"

TIGHE HOPKINS.

NOVA SCOTIA.*

It will be with a feeling of the most unfeigned surprise that most readers will turn over these pages. They are a revelation. Our attention has been so much focussed on the north-west of Canada, its harvests and its orchards, that we have forgotten the old colony of New Scotland. Truth to tell, we never did know very much about it. The garbled story of "Evangeline" and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's allusion to the mists concealing the "guardian prows" of Halifax, make up the sum total of the knowledge of most of us. All the greater is the delight when Mr. Willson turns the key and opens the door—not to a museum of lifeless antiquities—but to a little living world with a heroic and romantic past. What can be more stirring than the capture of Louisbourg from the French? A fortress built by the most celebrated engineers of France is attacked by a merchant at the head of a body of artisans and labourers. The initial step is taken while the officers are at a ball. It is Port Arthur over again, only the attack is pushed home and Louisbourg falls in forty-nine days, as Port Arthur ought to have done. What can be more dramatic than the landing of the American loyalists at Port Roseway? Fleeing from the ferocity and fury of the Republicans they kiss the beach, and thank God that the flag of England floats there: laughter and tears intermingle, and they find an outlet for their tumultuous thoughts in dancing a quadrille. This is genuine history; "Evangeline" is garbled history. The poet omitted to state that the primitively virtuous neighbours of that heroine had assisted French and American Indians in making a murderous assault on the British living in their midst. The incorporation of such a detail would have spoilt the poem. Yes, Nova Scotia is full of the storied past. Here is the bay where the pirates loved to congregate; here the creek where the inhabitants launched their cruisers and paid them back in their own coin. From this port forty years ago sailing vessels were launched which visited every harbour in the globe, so great was their number. In this village lived Judge Haliburton.

But Nova Scotia is alive, not dead: it has its future as well as its past, a great future if Englishmen can be

* "Nova Scotia." By Beckles Willson. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

induced to take an interest in it. Those "hundred miles of apple blossom" round Annapolis with their million barrels of apples! "Glorious!" you will say, but much more capital is wanted to keep those vast orchards in good bearing order. And the land requires a great addition to its live stock if its fertility is not to be exhausted. Capitalists might also find a good investment in developing the mineral resources of a country which is "as carboniferous as Wales." It has had its fill of fraudulent company promoters from the United States, and wants honest British gold. On these and many other topics Mr. Willson enlightens us, and he speaks in good time, before the Canadian Pacific Railway has begun, as shortly it will, its policy of exploitation.

AN IRISH BEAUTY.*

The critics have for a long time been complaining with ever-increasing vigour of the continual flow of biographies which are simply books culled from other books. The result is that publishers cry aloud for works containing unprinted diaries and correspondence, and that every one who has family papers, or who is so fortunate as to have access to the family papers of others, is encouraged to print them. The Georgian era is fashionable to-day, and volumes of memoirs of this period pour from the press with such amazing rapidity that it seems that soon every scrap of paper covered with writing during the eighteenth century and the first three decades of the nineteenth century will soon have been printed. The task that awaits the future historian of this period is one that may well make the most indefatigable and enthusiastic writer of to-day turn grey with awe. Yet it is right and fitting that all these documents should be accessible; and when they are well edited and admirably annotated, as is the volume under consideration, we owe a debt of gratitude to those responsible for the production. Yet when we open this book and come upon three consecutive entries such as the following, it must be confessed our feeling of gratitude receives a momentary check:

"*September* 20 [1808].—Covent Garden is burnt down and many lives lost."

"*September* 25, *Hunsdon*.—We left Town on Thursday to my great joy. Isabella, Mary, Felicia and I. We found Mr. C. and the children in perfect health, and delighted to see us."

"*September* 28.—Isabella and Lavinia read Homer's Odyssey."

Such entries as these cannot possibly be of the slightest interest or value to either general readers or students, and to reprint them after the lapse of more than a century argues a strange want of judgment. Let us hasten to add that this, of course, is an extreme example; but there are a good many other passages that might well have been blue-pencilled. And the blue pencil requires handling firmly in such volumes as this, because the journals as a whole are rather small beer.

The writer of these journals, which she styled "Mes Souvenirs," was the Hon. Frances Pery, the younger daughter of Edmond Sexton Pery, who, on the resignation of John Ponsonby in 1771, was elected Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, which position he occupied with credit for fourteen years, when age and ill-health compelled his retirement. He was then raised to the peerage by the title of Viscount Pery of Newtoun-Pery in the county of Limerick, when, in spite of the onslaughts he had made in earlier years on the pension system and of his own ample means, he consented to accept (what may be admitted to have been a well-earned) pension of £3,000 a year. Frances, who was born in Sackville Street, Dublin, on February 4, 1767, married twenty years later an English country gentleman, Nicholas Calvert, of Hunsdon in Hertfordshire. Thenceforth Mrs. Calvert mixed much in the society of the metropolis, and until her death in 1859, at the age of ninety-two, took an active interest in the social world, so that she was, indeed, a link between the mid-Georgian and mid-Victorian eras.

"Those dim eyes of hers (says Mrs. Warrenne Blake, who saw her at the age of ninety) had wept over the murder of Louis XVI. and the death of Nelson, and her trembling fingers had clasped those of many a bygone celebrity and hero. In 1814 she took part in the splendid festivities given in honour of the Allied Sovereigns, when all London—rather prematurely as it turned out—went mad with joy over the downfall of the tyrant Bonaparte. And after the battle of Waterloo, she lay awake in an agony of never-to-be-forgotten fear, wondering if her dear son Felix were alive or dead.

"She was on visiting terms with the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, immortalised by Gainsborough; with troublesome, clever Lady Caroline Lamb and her husband, afterwards Lord Melbourne; and the great Duke of Wellington was her friend and kinsman. She knew the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert well, and in days when the relations between Court and Society were of a simple and friendly description, she had been honoured by the kindly notice of Queen Caroline and of the six blooming Princesses of whom Hoppner has left us such delightful portraits."

Mrs. Calvert knew all these people, and many other interesting folk. She went to the opera and heard Catalani, who left her cold; and to the theatre, where she was moved to enthusiasm by the acting of Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Macready, and the Kembles; she played cards, and bitterly resented losing, as others have done before and since. "I lost £7," she noted in her diary. "If I go on in this way, I shall soon cut cards, for I don't choose to lose my money." She also witnessed the intrusion of a *parvenue* into polite society, in a day when such intrusion was most difficult; but as she went to the assembly of this Mrs. Thompson, she thereby condoned the lady's offence. "She is a good-humoured, vulgar woman of low extraction, but has wound herself into the first company by balls, concerts, suppers, etc.," so runs an entry in the diary, "and nobody's house is more fashionably attended."

Mrs. Calvert was naturally much interested in all the affairs of the royalty of the day and a supporter of the Prince of Wales in his quarrel with the Princess of Wales. She gives a pen-portrait of her Royal Highness:

"The Princess has certainly a handsome face, but she wears too much rouge. Her person is bad, being short and fat, and she had on a quantity of lace, ill put on, and some looking not too clean. She wore silver-tipped boots, and was altogether rather a singular figure. She has no dignity of manner, and lets herself down very much by her giggling ways, dancing about whenever she is asked."

On another occasion Mrs. Calvert remarks that the Princess of Wales "looked like a bundle of dirty clothes," and it must be confessed that not even those most kindly disposed towards this royal lady ever ventured to say that she dressed well. Nowhere has Mrs. Calvert a word to say in praise of the wonderful way in which the Princess bore up against the persecution of one of the worst husbands who figures in English history, but when the Princess was dead, "She was, I believe," Mrs. Calvert wrote, "a good-for-nothing, but certainly a deeply injured woman." Opinions are still divided as to the virtues of her Royal Highness; as to her injuries, no one has any doubt.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "An Irish Beauty of the Regency: Compiled from 'Mes Souvenirs,' the unpublished journals of the Hon. Mrs. Calvert, 1789–1882." By Mrs Warrenne Blake. With Frontispiece in Photogravure and 32 other Illustrations. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.*

Of these five volumes only the first is new, the other four are reprints, but taken together they afford a comprehensive set of examples of this gallant officer's literary work. Perhaps it would have been as well had he omitted the poem, "The Sign of the Clustered Crosses," from the last-issued book, if only because of its inevitable suggestion of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's work, both in style and matter;

* "Long Bow and Broad Arrow." 3s. 6d. "The Shadow on the Quarter-Deck," "The Peradventures of Private Pagett," "Bearers of the Burden," "Men at Arms." 2s. each. By Major W. P. Drury, Royal Marine Light Infantry (Retired). (Chapman & Hall.)

indeed, in many respects it seems almost a paraphrase of "The Islanders." A recollection of the reception accorded to that stirring poem, even by some of Mr. Kipling's warmest admirers, might have given the Major pause, but perhaps the risk was deliberately taken with full intent and disregard of consequences. Which would only be in accord with the traditions of the noble body of men whom Major Drury so worthily represents.

Coming to a consideration of the books themselves, readers are greatly indebted to Major Drury for the rich and genuine humour of most of his tales, although it is to be feared that their perfect technique and dialect will hide much of their sparkling fun from the ordinary reader. A very great pity, for our genuine humorists are so few and the purveyors of gloom so many that we cannot afford to waste one line of mirth-provoking literature. It should not, however, be supposed for one instant that Major Drury's fun is dependent upon quaint spelling and service slang—in all fairness it must be said that his humour is unforced, real; albeit very often surcharged with suggestion of awful peril, taken, as the men of the Navy are in the habit of taking their tremendous duties, with a gaiety of heart and lightness of bearing that are almost stupefying to the onlooker witnessing it for the first time.

The gallant author deserves all the more credit also for preserving his humorous vein, since it is abundantly evident that his real bent is towards tragedy of the grimmest: its cold shadow will creep over some of his funniest stories although it be but for a moment, as in "Polyacoustic," a story of a submarine which in its suggestion of the weird service rendered by those who really go down to the sea in ships and do business in, not on, the great waters, causes the flesh to roughen by the cosy fireside.

There is too in Major Drury's work a very fine attempt to rise superior to what must be for a great number of marine officers a very trying position. For some deep-seated reason or instinct having its origin in the long distant past there is an antagonism between the bluejacket and the marine which is far more accentuated in the ward-room than on the lower deck. In fact, in some ships it would almost seem as if there were a malignant demon at work condemning the marine officer to the position of the fifth wheel, to a life of utter ennui, his duties being so few and so easily performed that he has an enormous amount of time on his hands. This does not apply in anything like the same measure to the Royal Marine Artillery, who serve the big guns and whose pride it is to excel in the efficiency of their work even that wonderful man the bluejacket. It would be most ungrateful to draw invidious comparisons between the men of the two great branches of the Marines, but just as the Artillery and the Royal Engineers on shore strike a seaman as being much nearer his ideal of a "handyman" than the ordinary soldier, so does the difference between the Blue Marine and the Red strike every sailor, and, often unjustly, to the great disadvantage of the Red.

In one of the books under consideration, "The Shadow on the Quarter-Deck," there is brought before the reader in no dim or indefinite manner the terrible power which is possessed by the captain of a man-of-war to render a marine officer's life a burden to him. Of course it is in the power of a naval captain to do that for anybody on board who happens to fall under his displeasure, and few people ashore realise how great must be the temptation to some men in such a position to use the strength they wield like a giant without restraint. To the honour of the service it must be said that instances of such abuse of power are few and far between, but they do exist, and the careful reader of "The Shadow on the Quarter-Deck," especially if he knows the service, will feel the blood rushing to his face and his hands clenching themselves involuntarily as he realises the possibilities of shameful tyranny which lie in the grasp of that unspeakable villain and complete seaman, Captain St. Artin Leroy, C.M.G., R.N.

One cannot evade the idea that in this book Major Drury is, to be slangy, getting a little of his own back, for although the story which is here incorporated with a wonderful series of pictures of life afloat in the modern Navy is so strange as to be almost incredible, it is nevertheless splendidly told, and its interest never flags; but there is a reality about it which is painful. The long arm of coincidence is certainly stretched enormously, but the story grips and the reader finds himself hurried from one real incident to another with almost breathless speed, learning a great deal on the journey of the Way they have in the Navy to-day.

And Major Drury never allows any prejudice to blind him to the virtues of his friends of the Executive. Critical he is and often sub-acid, but only by accident as it were. His lay figure, Private Pagett, is of course a Marine and his "Peradventures" are just those which a Marine would have, but somehow, in spite of the Major's admiration for him, he does not succeed in making him lovable or rise to the height that it seems certain would have been attained by a bluejacket under similar circumstances.

Perhaps it would be unfair to say that these two books, "The Peradventures of Private Pagett" and "Bearers of the Burden," seem considerably superior to the Major's last published work. That is so easy and obvious a criticism, besides being one that is nearly always made. Perhaps a reader feels a little resentful of the short allowance given in the later book after the plentiful feast provided in the other volumes, and that is certainly no small compliment to pay an author. In conclusion it must be said that for a combination of horror with fun the last story in the "Peradventures" may be profitably compared with "Polyacoustic," and there is little doubt that whatever may be the result as to the relative merits of the two stories, the verdict of the reader will be that Major Drury is nothing less than a master in the line which he has made peculiarly his own.

FRANK T. BULLEN.

REPUBLICANISM ON ITS TRIAL.*

Mr. Fisher has here adopted a very useful but a very difficult form of exposition. In his two hundred and fifty-eight pages he passes in review something like five centuries of European history. He does not, however, fall into the error that led Freeman to perpetrate the nightmare he published under the title of a "General Sketch of European History." He does not try to tell his readers everything. He assumes on their part the possession of quite an extensive background of historical information. Still, his work is in no sense a mere recapitulation, though it does supply an excellent means of revising and improving the reader's historical stock-in-trade. There is no better way of organising a great mass of acquired knowledge than by selecting some important element or aspect of it, and reviewing the whole with respect to the matter chosen. Reviewing European history in the light of the Republican Tradition, Mr. Fisher is able to bring out many important points that might readily escape the ordinary straightforward reader of history. His work, indeed, exemplifies on the highest level that form of revising by application that is now generally recognised with approval in the theory of teaching.

The difficulties of the method are easily realised. The writer has to deal with matters that his readers are assumed to know, so that he has to go on telling them things with which they are familiar. Here Mr. Fisher is very skilful. The reader who has a very limited acquaintance with European history will find in the text just that amount of

* "The Republican Tradition in Europe." By H. A. L. Fisher. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

categorical statement of facts that provides the minimum background necessary to follow the writer's argument; while the well-informed reader will find enough of new matter to reinforce the interest aroused by the striking presentation of well-known facts. By the skilful selection and the dramatic treatment of his matter Mr. Fisher gives a freshness and an attraction to his pages which clear the way for the most favourable reception of his own generalisations. Yet he does not fall into another danger incident to the method he has adopted. This is the tendency to select a definite point of view, and to constrain the whole presentation to the maintaining of a thesis. Though they were originally delivered in the culture centre of the greatest modern republic, the lectures that have gone to form this book cannot be said to have a republican bias. Mr. Fisher sees both sides of the question too clearly to become a partisan. Into his praises of monarchism may be read the qualification that all successful monarchies have embodied the republican spirit, while even a rabid republican cannot read these pages without having the weaknesses of the republican scheme very clearly impressed upon him. The lesson of the book is that progress implies a continual action and reaction among different ideals. Nowhere could the theory of progress by the reconciliation of opposites be better studied than in this volume. The brilliant passage from Castellar with which the book closes might well be used by a professor of philosophy to illustrate the thesis, antithesis, and synthesis of the Hegelian dialectic.

The great advantage of the historian is that not only is he an outsider, and therefore likely to see more of the game than do the actual players, but that he has time to consider his verdicts. That will o' the wisp, *l'esprit de l'escalier*, is only an irritation to the actor in the historical drama, but forms the main asset of the historian. Thus it is that the writer of history can, without sin, tell us what nations and historical persons have done "unconsciously." Few writers are so successful as is Mr. Fisher in utilising this method of explaining historical developments. Sometimes, as on page 119, he deliberately uses the word "unconsciously," but generally speaking he merely implies the principle, and thus avoids a certain element of opposition that the practical English mind always harbours against a theory that raises the thinker above the doer. Mr. Fisher further conciliates his readers by making no parade of psychology, always an unpopular subject with the ordinary English public. He does refer to the Psychology of Crowds —where, by the way, he introduces a sentence that will cause much questioning and headshaking among the psycho-physicists: "the nerve counts for more, the brain for less"—but as a rule his psychology is of that practical kind to which every intelligent observer of human beings is given, not excluding those who heartily deny the existence of psychology. Mr. Fisher's use of the plural of this subject on page 158 can hardly be justified. "In the republican movement in France there were two psychologies, one exuberant, sanguine, reckless, abounding in joyous energies, the other Spartan, austere and self-controlled." The point is excellent, and one feels disinclined to interfere with a picturesque style in the interests of what may be called pedantry. But as "psychology" is after all a technical term, and as the psychological vocabulary itself provides another term that exactly meets Mr. Fisher's needs, he cannot be held guiltless. With an uncommon use of a common word there need be no complaint. It is piquant and permissible to use "affront" in the literal way that pleases Mr. Fisher: but he ought not, for the sake of rhetorical effect, to attack the solidarity of a subject that has trouble enough already to maintain its unity.

Mr. Fisher may indeed well concede the point, since the attraction of his style is in no need of buttressing. His use of antithesis is very effective. He contrives very often to say the unexpected thing, but he does not sacrifice solid sense to the requirements of style. Many of his comparisons are very enlightening, as for instance the "Poles of the Dispersion." The little biographies that form such an important element in the book are admirably done. The way in which the reader is introduced to Jeremy Bentham, to Karl Schurz, and to Charles Bradlaugh gives a new attraction to these interesting persons. The author is very happy in gathering up a movement into a personality, and sometimes into a word. Thus the policy of Austria in the early part of the nineteenth century is crystallised in the description of Metternich, and expressed in one word—"Austria's mission was to be *stationary*." Occasionally Mr. Fisher rouses an interest that he does not satisfy, an excellent thing in a teacher, since it sends pupils to other sources to complete their information. But from the point of view of artistic exposition the immediate interest should be satisfied on the spot, so as to prevent it from derailing the reader's interest from the author's main line of argument.

When students fight among themselves for the privilege of being attached to a certain college tutor, one wants to know why. After reading this volume no one need be at a loss to understand the competition to secure the instruction given by its author as a university teacher.

JOHN ADAMS.

Novel Notes.

HER HUSBAND'S COUNTRY. By Sybil Spottiswoode. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The author of "Marcia in Germany" and "Hedwig in England" has now abandoned her anonymity, and in her latest—and also her best—book we may welcome her under her real name. Mrs. Spottiswoode has already made a reputation for her wit and her insight, and in these qualities "Her Husband's Country" is no whit inferior to its predecessors. To them must be added a surer touch, higher constructive ability, and some very careful character-drawing. It is its characters which make the present book notable. There are not more than four or five of them, certainly, and of these only the heroine and her German husband are of the first importance. But the author has unquestionably carried out the task she has set herself with brilliant ability. Patience—the heroine's inappropriate name—has escaped from her dull and miserable English home to Germany. Here she stays with the family of an army officer on the active list, and she has the best time of her life. She diagnoses as love the attraction which a young and good-humoured *Leutnant* has for her, and, in spite of her parents' opposition, she marries him. This is the beginning of unhappiness for them both. It is not so much their characters as their national characteristics and prejudices that clash. Neither of them is really blameworthy, as Mrs. Spottiswoode, with all her dislike of German manners and customs, is careful to point out. The intimacies of their married life are a perpetual trial to the wife and an eternal puzzle to the husband. Is it only that "mixed" marriages are always unsatisfactory, or that the English and German characters are fundamentally antagonistic? You must read the book to decide for yourself, and you will be alternately amused and edified in the process.

PHYLLIS IN MIDDLEWYCH. By Margaret Westrup. 6s. (John Lane.)

Phyllis is not the only entertaining child in this series of sketches, but she is the central figure of the little comedies which Mrs. Stacey has cleverly constructed. Those who were caught by "Elizabeth's Children" will be ready for this book. They will understand the deftness with which

the authoress brings out the mischief and gaiety and good-nature of boys and girls. Phyllis forms the more or less unconscious pivot of some pretty stories in Middlewych, and the book is one which lovers of children who are good but not "goody" will welcome with real pleasure. Round the small character of the heroine the grown-up characters revolve. Their joys and troubles are seen through the movements of Phyllis. It is not so easy as it looks to work out this sort of story successfully, but the authoress manages to make the series of episodes convincing, and she rarely fails to present an amusing bit of action when little Phyllis is on the stage. "Phyllis in Middlewych" is a handful of delightful cameos, with a natural child's face in every one of them.

A BUDGET OF TARES. By Austin Philips. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Clear-cut, vigorous characterisation and genuinely dramatic situations abound in this collection of Mr. Austin Philips's short stories, which has a much wider range than its successful predecessor "Red Tape." The Civil Service does indeed provide the setting for the story which gives the book its title, but for the rest the characters are drawn from such varied sources as the public school and the provincial bank, the brine baths, and the Magians—a thinly disguised cloak for the Fabians, for which body, by the way, the author is at no pains to conceal his contempt. "A Budget of Tares" tells of a domestic catastrophe in the life of Trevannion of the Treasury, the strong, silent, permanent official who for twenty years "had been at the back of the Budget, for all that the man in the street had hardly heard his name." We meet Trevannion fortifying himself against the vacuity of his approaching retirement by the prospect of his daughter Cicily marrying the governor-designate of a British colony, whither he hopes to accompany them and "be the helper of their inexperience, the strong, resolute, hidden power behind their little throne." Cicily, however, after the manner of high-spirited daughters, has set her heart on quite another type of husband, one who unites the attractions of sportsman and stockbroker. The dramatic moment of the story is that in which Trevannion, in order to ruin the undesirable stockbroker, lies to his daughter about a certain tax in the forthcoming Budget. Two of the best stories in this entertaining collection are "Old Sandy" and "The Pillar of Salt." The latter presents a vivid picture of a mother torn by pride and hate and love, while in "Old Sandy" the bustle of speech-day at a public school provides a breezy backing for the tragedy of a lovable old master whose slow but sure methods of teaching do not satisfy the new head, a man of the "rusher" type. Mr. Philips writes the short story deftly and with artistic effectiveness, and this, his second book, will add considerably to his growing reputation.

THE PIECES OF SILVER. By Nora Vynne. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

Prefaces to novels, like illustrations to novels, are commonly a mistake, and Miss Vynne's prefatory note is not an exception to the rule. She spends six pages in explaining why her story is political and why she has chosen a jilted woman for her heroine. When the reader further learns that the views of the authoress are anti-Socialist, or rather Individualist, he is scarcely encouraged to wade into the story; yet if he does not, he will miss a vivacious and clever piece of fiction, with a note of distinction in its treatment of modern life. Miss Vynne is better than her preface suggests. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" asks the Hebrew proverb. And a wounded spirit in the shape of a jilted anti-Socialist is too much for the ordinary reader of fiction. But better things are in store for any one who will be persuaded to follow the fortunes of Miss Beatrice Stallingway. Her fortunate escape from Giles Brodrick cheers the sympathetic reader, and it is probably superfluous to add that Miss Vynne puts both insight and subtlety into the episodes of her tale. The characterisation is decidedly clever. The book opens briskly—more briskly indeed than it closes; and the incisive sketch of the vulgar, wealthy Ada forms a neat foil to the virtues of the heroine. Every now and then the reader also realises that he is in the company of an authoress with brains. For these and other reasons let no one, unless he is armed with triple courage, read the prefatory note till he has sampled and enjoyed this entertaining and suggestive story of modern life.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE GODS. By Sir Hugh Clifford, K.C.M.G. 6s. (Murray.)

At Phnom Penh, the capital of Kambodia, there still stands the temple where, Sir Hugh Clifford tells us, once "in awful, veiled seclusion dwelt the most ancient of the gods of the East." The foundation of the Khmer Empire—which existed goodness knows how many years ago—lay in the worship of Brahma. A special class formed the priesthood and none might aspire to influence in Kambodia save those in whose veins ran the blood of the demigods, the Brahmans. Chun, the hero of this very unusual novel, is a devoted believer in the ancient religion and is of mixed ancestry, his father having been the high priest and his mother of the people. It is in order to prove his godhead that he ventures into the sacred lake whose waters, "save for the twice-born, were a flaming death." Having passed through his trial, for the lake is in itself innocuous, Chun falls in with one of the temple women who has lost her faith in the Brahman religion. She infects him with her own disbelief, and for love of her Chun puts into execution the revolution which is to be the ending of the Khmer Empire. For the tragedy that ensues it is necessary to refer the reader to the book itself. He will find that Sir Hugh Clifford in this very able piece of work gives a wonderfully vivid picture of the life of the period, while the story is also worth reading for itself.

THE VALLEY OF REGRET By Adelaide Holt. 6s. (John Lane.)

It is a pleasure to come across a novel like this in the mob of modern romances. Miss Holt has contrived to handle a difficult situation without dropping into mawkish sentiment or crude realism. The pretty heroine marries a wealthy husband who in a drunken mood kills a guest for insulting his wife. During the years of his imprisonment in Dartmoor, she meets an embittered doctor who is helping a High Church priest in the slums. The two discover their affinity, but the sheer quality of their love keeps them straight, and when the husband is released, Betty goes to him after a moving scene with Earle. Such is the bare outline of a story which throbs with life and which is told with an artistic mixture of frankness and reserve. The middle part of the book is especially graphic. Miss Holt rarely allows the reader's interest to flag for a page, and she has succeeded in describing a victory over temptation with as much intensity as an inferior writer would have devoted to the opposite issue. The opening of the tale gives no idea of the remarkable sequel, but once Betty is married her character develops in a way which holds the reader's attention to the last page. If this is a first work, it contains ample promise. In any case, it is a fine and beautifully conceived novel of modern life.

HE IS RISEN AGAIN. By Charles Morice. 5s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Books describing the return of Jesus Christ to modern civilisation are either dull or irreverent, and in some cases

they manage to be both. When an author adopts this form he generally desires to point a moral or to propagate some religious opinions of his own, with the result that his story is rarely artistic. M. Morice almost becomes dull—at least, he is as nearly dull as a Frenchman can be—in the sixth chapter, where he makes Jesus address the Parisians at Montmartre, but otherwise his little sketch is admirably conceived. To describe Christ in a modern Parisian café, with a journalist who wishes to interview him, demands an audacity which could easily become nauseous. It must be allowed that M. Morice has contrived to make his "vision" realistic with wonderfully little offence to the religious sense. It is a remarkable production to come from the pen of an author hitherto known as a writer upon the decadents. There are caustic touches in the book as when Barnum, endeavouring to enlist Jesus for Ober-Ammergau ends, remarks, "The first thing to be done is to make up the twelve apostles. Our difficulty will be Judas, for unfortunately Renan is dead," or as when the Prefect of Paris is obliged, owing to the financial panic, to request Christ to leave Paris and France at once, and when Jesus replies with a smile, "I am used to these things. The Gadarenes made a similar request to me." But there is more than satire upon Church and State in these pages. M. Morice has put into it a moral intensity which carries the tale through, and it is scarcely necessary to add that as a piece of literary workmanship his sketch is beyond praise.

BODY AND SOUL. By Lady Troubridge. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Rosalys is a young lady of seventeen. Her family is middle class, and consists of a father, a mother, and a married half-brother called John, who is on the Stock Exchange. Like all good middle-class people who live in West Kensington and have not enough money to break out into the more select areas, they distrust the aristocracy and the Smart Set and believe all the evil they possibly can of them. This is not true of Rosalys, who meets Lord Charlbury in a smash on the Scenic Railway in the White City, wins his heart with her beauty, and in spite of his being a peer marries him, but it is particularly true of her half-brother. Lady Troubridge holds this middle-class attitude of mind up to scorn, and paints John for us as a most tiresome and contemptible creature, who says some very severe things about Lord Charlbury before his sister's marriage. Unfortunately, Lady Troubridge's thesis is spoilt by the fact that however much she may ask us to admire the lord's grand manners, he is everything that John says he is—a man without ideals or morals, and possessed not even of the makeshift virtue of honour. His manners are those of the stage gentleman; he is rude to Rosalys's kindly people; he does not hesitate to leave her with a friend whom he frankly describes as "screwed," and at the birth of his son he takes the opportunity of going away to Monte Carlo with one of his former mistresses. In spite of the authoress's skill in dressing out this character, we can only wonder, with Hamlet, what such persons do crawling betwixt earth and heaven. The story relates how Rosalys with her innocence and her sweetness of mind wins back her unpleasant husband, forgiving him all. It closes with the final reconciliation in which Lord Charlbury announces his intention of leading a new life—a promise which the reader, at any rate, may hesitate to accept. The book is worth reading if only for the charming picture Lady Troubridge has succeeded in giving us of Rosalys and her mother.

The Bookman's Table.

THE IMMORTAL LURE. By Cale Young Rice. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The highest quality of Mr. Cale Young Rice's poems is always their dramatic power. In his latest volume, "The Immortal Lure," he gives us four vivid one-scene dramas, each presenting some hour of tragic passion and emotion. "Giorgione" is an interlude of ancient Venice—a swift, haunting story of misunderstanding, jealousy, revenge, and a too-late realisation that the revenge was a rascally and base one, and that there was no shadow of justification for it. "Arduin" wears an atmosphere of magic and mysticism and has for its scene the laboratory of a fifteenth-century astronomer in Egypt. The sentiment is a little overstrained; the plot turns on certain details that are improbable, though not more so than are the motives and incidents in some of Shakespeare's plays, but the weird horror of it and the force and picturesqueness of the verse capture the reader's interest despite his disbelief. For sustained intensity, perhaps, none of the four in this book surpasses the little drama of "O-Ume's Gods." O-Ume, the Samurai girl, has been converted to Christianity, but her secret is guessed and her lover, the young Samurai, Sanko, has gone to slay the priest of Christ and burn his house. O-Ume in her anger at this treachery starts to cast down the images of her country's gods, and Sanko appears dishevelled and blood-stained and is taunting her and boasting of his vengeance when the priest he had thought slain mounts the steps from the river, tells how he had chanced to escape, and he and Sanko fall to a furious wordy conflict that fills O-Ume with such sudden complete revulsion that she hurls the cross and the image of Buddha into the river together and abjures both religions. Love is "The Immortal Lure" of the fourth play—the love of woman tempting a man from the love of God; the love of the world drawing him aside from the love of heaven. The literary and poetical merit of these dramas is undeniable, and they are charged with the emotional life and human interest that should, but do not, always go along with those other high gifts.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE. By George Herbert West, D.D., A.R.I.B.A., 6s. net. (Bell.)—**ENGLISH HOUSE DESIGN.** By Ernest Willmott, F.R.I.B.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Batsford.)—**THE ENGLISH STAIRCASE.** By Walter H. Godfrey. 18s. net. (Batsford.)—**THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL.** By J. H. Elder-Duncan. 5s. net. (Cassell.)

In its beginnings, Christian architecture confined itself to the building of a house to the glory of God, and it is this spirit which underlies the whole story of Gothic architecture. Mr. West's excellent little book, therefore, deals solely with churches, and very cleverly does he trace the gradual development of the Gothic ideal and the contrast between the architecture of England and France. His is, indeed, an invaluable book, clearly and interestingly written, and well produced by the publishers. Mr. Ernest Willmott aims more at the technically minded, but the general reader will, nevertheless, find in his work much to interest and instruct. The author has made a selection of what he considers some of the best achievements in English domestic architecture from the sixteenth century to the present day, and his range is sufficiently catholic, covering as it does everything between a castle and a tenant's cottage or a house in the Hampstead Garden Suburb. The author of "The English Staircase" confines himself practically to the period between the years 1500 and 1800, and a particular feature are the illustrations, which are nothing less than a delight. As in all Messrs. Batsford's books much care has obviously been bestowed upon them. Mr. Godfrey may be warmly congratulated

upon an exceedingly handsome work on a neglected subject. Mr. J. H. Elder-Duncan, on the contrary, writes with much verve and humour upon a somewhat hackneyed theme, but his suggestions on furnishing and decoration are so eminently practical that we have no doubt whatever there will be a large demand for his book in its new form. It should be mentioned that the author addresses himself more particularly to those whose purses are not of the longest, and that adequate illustration is given—in many cases with a quotation of the price—of the examples recommended.

MODERN TENDENCIES AND OLD STANDARDS IN MUSICAL ART. By J. Alfred Johnstone. 6s. (Reeves.)

Of the ten papers bound up in this volume, only five bear a near relation to the subject suggested in all its comprehensiveness by the title. Out of the remaining five, one is a somewhat sententious review of an old Harpsichord Tutor, another looks down upon the music in London in the time of Pepys from a lofty standpoint, and the other three are centenary estimates of Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Schumann. To have dealt first with these essays gives some indication of the frame of mind in which Mr. Johnstone aims at the target which he has set up in the title "Modern Tendencies and Old Standards in Musical Art," but the truth is that it is impossible to cover such a large subject in a series of detached papers such as these, which were contributed to the pages of the *Musical Standard*. It is not surprising to learn that they provoked somewhat heated rejoinders in some cases (printed in the appendix), for they are strongly tinged with controversial matter, and lose value, as an attempt to sum up the situation, in just a proportionate extent. But putting this flaw aside, Mr. Johnstone reviews with a great deal of commonsense the warfare between absolute and programme music, and many will agree with his condemnation of the last-named from an artistic standpoint. In strict terms, it is not the function of music to present a picture or tell a story, and even the tone-poems of Liszt, who may be termed the father of programme-music, derive such attraction as they hold for the cultivated musician not from their programme, but from the fact that they happen to possess certain of the qualities of absolute music. This may have justified Liszt in adopting his curious method of composing in his own particular case, but there can be no doubt that his example has been deplorable in its influence on many would-be disciples.

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER. By Frank Rutter. 2s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Rutter has nothing particularly new to say about Whistler, but he gives us in this concise "estimate and biography" a very vivid and sympathetic picture of the man as he lived and an acute and brilliant analysis of his art. He finds Whistler's antithesis in Mr. Sargent. The latter, he says, "calls us with the trumpet-notes of the great Teutonic thinkers, and we cannot choose but come. There is no denying his vehemence; we can no more escape looking at his paintings than we can escape hearing of Goethe and Schopenhauer. His art is as militant as Whistler's is mystical, as analytical as Whistler's is intuitive. One does not deny intelligence to Whistler or emotion to Mr. Sargent; nevertheless one is convinced that Whistler's painting is governed by his heart, Mr. Sargent's by his head. Mr. Sargent knows; Whistler felt." There is some little exaggeration in this; one has no doubt that Whistler also knew, and that Mr. Sargent also feels; but in a certain large and broad sense Mr. Rutter's comparison is true, and serves its immediate purpose of emphasising the different essentials in the art of the two painters. Mr. Rutter has a charming and incisive style; whether he convinces you or not, he interests you. His biography is careful and adequate, and his criticism piquant and full of suggestiveness. The book is illustrated with twenty-four excellent reproductions of Whistler's paintings.

At the Piano.

From "Whistler" by Frank Rutter. (Grant Richards.)

CIVIL WAR: A Comedy in Four Acts. By Ashley Dukes. 2s. net. (Swift.)

Mr. Ashley Dukes's "Modern Dramatists" showed him a sympathetic and intelligent student of the drama of to-day. This, his first published play, may fairly be described as an old story with a "modern" setting; in it Mr. Dukes proves that he has distinct independence of outlook, and is in no sense an imitator of any present-day popular playwright. He has, fully developed, the instinct for drama, and the play is clearly most fitted for the stage, although it is well enough written to be quite worth reading. Its weakness is that the drama is more interesting than the actual persons, who are types rather than living individuals. The story of the play is very simple. Michael, son of Sir John Latimer, falls in love with and marries Margaret, daughter of James Shannon. Sir John Latimer is a high-minded but intolerant intellectual aristocrat who has sacrified his whole life to the writing of a book, by means of which he hopes to make a complete reconstruction of civilisation. James Shannon is an enthusiast and revolutionary who aims at the same thing by a very different method. These two men naturally hate and oppose each other, they both live in an imaginary world; but as they each really do love their children, they accept the situation, and possibly may even become friends. The play contains very little discussion of particular theories, just sufficient to contrast the different characters. John Latimer is at times cold, hard, and argumentative, while James Shannon is often passionate and rhetorical, but these two are the most interesting characters, clothed with the pathos that comes from futile and disinterested endeavour. The hero and heroine are little more than puppets in the hands of fate; they care little for theories, but youth is on their side, and we see that they are bound to win. We wish that the author had omitted George Latimer (brother of Sir John), an elderly cynical rake, who is merely "a person of the stage" and quite unnecessary to the story; but most dramatists appear to think that at least one such character is required in every play.

THE HERKOMERS. Vol. II. By Sir Hubert von Herkomer. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

While less interesting than Vol. I.—success is never so interesting as struggle—this is a very remarkable book.

It is much more than the "unalloyed autobiography" of its author's descriptive epithet. Seldom do we get such a competent piece of self-analysis as is here provided. "My so-called versatility is the outcome of the necessary remedy which I have had to apply to rectify a mental deficiency" makes one think, and when read in its context supplies a very useful point of view. The book is full of fresh ways of looking at things. Sir Hubert's art of living is summed up in the maxim that he confides to us under the head "confidential": "to do nothing that somebody else can do for you." More original is his treatment of the charms of the mediæval period: "I have *not transposed myself back* to that period, but have brought that period *forward to myself*." While the book is full of piquant biographical details that cannot fail to attract, the general reader will probably value most of all the two chapters on Portraiture. It is always a privilege to read the words of a master on his own craft, and most readers would willingly have had more on this subject, even if the two chapters on Enamelling had to be cut out to make the necessary room. The two chapters on Lecturing present Sir Hubert in quite a new light, and other lecturers will be well advised if they adopt his short method of dealing with chairmen. However he has managed to do it Sir Hubert has certainly acquired the art of writing a charming book. It may be only a sample of the author's medicine; but no reader would have guessed that without the help of Chapter XIX.

THE SOUTH WALES COAST: From Chepstow to Aberystwyth. By Ernest Rhys. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Ernest Rhys had one of the pleasantest of tasks in writing about the coast of Wales from Monmouthshire to Cardiganshire. It is a coast now of sand dunes and now of towering cliffs, the broken bases of mountains. There are castles upon it, and great modern towns like Swansea, great ports like Cardiff, beautiful towns like Laugharne. It is full of history and legend, and of beauty which would be great without either, and having both is incomparable. Mr. Rhys evidently knew this country long before he thought of writing about it or about anything else. His book, therefore, cannot be compared with the usual product of tired and alien scribes. He writes with enthusiasm and with a familiarity that never spoils the strangeness. His book is substantial and not merely swollen with indigestible quotations; it is lyrical, but not through a vain endeavour to escape from indifferent facts. It can stand plenty of criticism, though there is little which it is necessary to make in a short notice. We should, however, like to know what was the end of the adventure with the lively Welsh ram in Chepstow. He made a charge at Mr. Rhys, "ending in a leap, shoulder high." This seems to us incomplete. One other question. In the story of the shepherd boy who was walking with a hazel stick cut from Craig-y-Dinas, when he met an old man who asked him where the stick came from and so came to guide him to King Arthur sleeping in a cave of that same crag—why does Mr. Rhys place the meeting in Neath instead of on London Bridge? The hazel stick being noticed by the old man on London Bridge is like some of the best things in Borrow, but better. Of things to praise, on the other hand, there is an infinite and embarrassing choice, and we shall not do the book a possible discredit by quoting any single one as representative. We believe that all tastes will be pleased by the book. If such books ever are useful, this is: that is to say, it is full of information of all kinds, including the kind which is usually expected, though not in the usual delirious confusion. It gives the reader an entrance to Wales and to Mr. Rhys's world, where the boundaries between Caermarthenshire or Cardiganshire and Lloegria or Avalon waver or disappear altogether.

Llanstephan Castle, from the Sands.

Drawing by Gastineau.
From "The South Wales Coast," by Ernest Rhys. (Fisher Unwin.)

Notes on New Books.

WARD, LOCK & CO., LTD.

Those who enjoy a good, stirring story, teeming with dramatic incidents, cannot do better than read Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton's latest novel, **Builders of Ships** (6s.). From beginning to end it is alive with excitement—there is not a dull page to be found in it; those who have read and appreciated Mrs. Leighton's previous books will not be disappointed in this one. The love story of Gwendoline Scarlett and Neil Hardy threads its way cunningly through many sensational moments to a climax, where the mysteries that hovered about it are solved and what was wrong put right.

MESSRS. SIDGWICK & JACKSON.

Everybody who read the log of the first *Blue Dragon* will learn with pleasure that **The Log of the "Blue Dragon II."** (5s. net) has at length made its appearance. It is written by the skipper and various other hands, and is here set forth by the skipper himself, Mr. C. C. Lynam, who is also the boat's owner, the whole being edited by the steward. At the outset, Mr. Lynam mentions that certain passages in the first log resulted in a libel action, but he was only ordered to pay a farthing damages, and he takes the bull by the horns this time and apologises beforehand for any accidental libel that may have got into the present volume. Incidentally, he pays a charming tribute to the plaintiff in those legal proceedings—it was worth winning no more than a farthing then to win such generous praise from the defendant now. The new log is of a cruise among the Orkney and Shetland Islands in 1909 and 1910, and it is written with all the breezy enjoyment and vivacity, the picturesque descriptive gift and keen eye for everything of interest by the way that made the first log such an immediate success. It simply bubbles over with high spirits and good humour; it tells you all the incidents and events of the voyage, gives you all the information about the country visited that you could wish to find in a guide-book, and tells them and gives it with a gaiety and lightness of style that make capital

reading. There are some good maps, four illustrations in colour by W. T. Loveday, and about fifty portraits and illustrations from photographs and sketches.

MESSRS. EVERETT & CO.

We do not usually connect trout-fishing with Spain, we who have sought the wily fish in Devon waters; but Mr. W. M. Gallichan in his booklet, **Where Trout Abound** (1s. net), is generously sharing his fisherman's joy in good sport and a heavy creel by telling of the excellent time he had by the rivers of Galicia. It is a capital first-hand account of Galicia's fishing and Galicia's people, with many a practical hint included and a useful little sketch-map.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

The horrors of the disaster that overtook Messina two years ago are vividly recalled by prose and picture in **Sicily in Shadow and in Sun,** by Maud Howe (12s. 6d. net). The writer took an active part in the gallant work done by Americans in helping the victims of the earthquake, so that her book has the inestimable advantage of being a first-hand report, much of it, indeed, being cast in the form of dialogue. The result is a descriptive book of a very unusual interest and of no little historical value. The beauty of the ravaged country is described with enthusiasm, but it is of Shadow rather than of Sun that we think as we lay the book down. Of the human contributions to the horror of the disaster, Miss Howe writes with an almost overwhelming candour. The sunshine of the picture is the record of international devotion and gallantry. The book is splendidly illustrated with a large number of interesting and finely reproduced photographs.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

It has long been a matter of surprise to us that no English version has been forthcoming of "Pierre de Coulevain's" delightful "L'Ile Inconnu." Now, however, that Miss Alys Hallard and Messrs. Cassell present the book to us in very attractive guise—under the title of **The Unknown Isle** (6s. net)—there will be no excuse on the part of the English people for further neglect of one of the most remarkable French books of recent years. The Unknown Isle, of course, is England, and English manners and customs are the main theme of the book. Nobody, however, can read it without gaining a large amount of useful information upon the French character.

Mr. J. Alexander supplies, in **The Truth about Egypt** (7s. 6d. net), a painstaking and complete—though admittedly partisan—study of the Nationalist agitation in that country. Although the author finds very little excuse for the vagaries of the *soi-disant* Egyptian "patriot," he contrives, to a great extent, to free himself from official bias, and criticises very freely the methods of Lord Cromer's successor. As an account of the present political position in Egypt the work will be found very useful.

New Books of the Month.

FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

CARPENTER, J. ESTLIN.—The Historical Jesus and the Theological Christ. 3s. 6d net .....(Philip Green)
MARGOLIOUTH, D. S., D.Litt.—Mohammedanism. 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net .....(Williams & Norgate)
STALEY, VERNON.—The Seasons: Fasts and Festivals of the Christian Year. 1s. net .....(Mowbray)
WEBSTER, ALEXANDER.—The Unitarian Movement in Scotland. 1d. (British and Foreign Unitarian Assoc.)
WESTON, W. MORITZ.—How I Became and Why I Ceased to Be a Roman Catholic. 1d. (British and Foreign Unitarian Association)
WILKINSON, THE LATE MOST REV. G. H., D.D.—Practical Counsels to Working Christians and Communicants. 1s. net and 2s. net .....(Mowbray)

NEW EDITIONS.

GOUGH, JOHN B.—Orations. 1s. net ....(Morgan & Scott)
HAMERTON, P. G.—The Intellectual Life. 1s. net (Macmillan)

FICTION.

ARNOLD, LILIAN.—Also Joan. 6s. .....(Long)
ASKEW, ALICE AND CLAUDE.—Destiny. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)
BACON, JOSEPHINE DASKAM.—While Caroline was Growing. 6s. .....(Macmillan)
BARLOW, JANE.—Flaws. 6s. .....(Hutchinson)
BLUNDELL, MADGE.—Katherine of the Barge. With 4 Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net .....(Sands)
BRAME, CHARLOTTE.—At the Eleventh Hour. 6d. (Stanley Paul)
BRERETON, CAPT. F. S.—Tom Stapleton, the Boy Scout. Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I. 3s. 6d. (Blackie)
BURGIN, G. B.—A Lady of Spain. 6s. .....(Hutchinson)
CONSTANCE, LADY.—Because of a Kiss. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
DORRINGTON, ALBERT.—Our Lady of the Leopards. 6s. (Mills & Boon)
EVERETT-GREEN, E.—Clive Lorimer's Marriage. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
FINCH, FRANK.—The Passionate Pretender, or His Palace Sacked. With Frontispiece. 2s. net .....(Stockwell)
FOULIS, HUGH.—In Highland Harbours with Para Handy, s.s. Vital Spark. 1s. net .....(Blackwood)
FOY, SLIEVE.—An Unnatural Mother. 3s. 6d.....(Lynwood)
GOULD, NAT.—The King's Favourite. 1s. net and 2s. (Long)
GRIMSHAW, BEATRICE.—When the Red Gods Call. With Frontispiece. 6s. .....(Mills & Boon)
HARTLEY, M.—A Sereshan. 6s. .....(Mills & Boon)
HEARD, W. NEVILL.—Things of Time. 6s. .....(Watts)
HEWLETT, ETHELDRED.—Janie and Martin, or The Three Wishes. With Frontispiece. 1s. 6d. net ....(Stockwell)
HORN, KATE.—The Coronation of George King: a Lincolnshire Idyll. 1s. net .....(Stanley Paul)
JOHNSTON, MARY.—The Long Roll. 6s. .....(Constable)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Indiscretions of a Lady's Maid. 6s. .....(Nash)
LOCKE, W. J.—The Glory of Clementina Wing. 6s. (Lane)
LUTHER, MARK LEE.—The Sovereign Power. With 9 Illustrations by Chase Emerson. 6s. .....(Macmillan)
Maid's Comedy, The. A Chivalric Romance in Thirteen Chapters. 3s. 6d. net .....(Stephen Swift)
MONTGOMERY, L. M.—The Story Girl. With Frontispiece and Cover in Colour by George Gibbs. 6s. .....(Pitman)
NAYBARD, HUGH.—The Battle of Souls (Gray, Edinburgh)
P., J. E.—The Rose of Fairthorpe: An Idyll of the Hop Gardens. 2s. 6d. net .....(Cornish Bros.)
PASTURE, MRS. HENRY DE LA (Lady Clifford).—Master Christopher. 6s. .....(Smith, Elder)
PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Summer Book. 6s. ..(Mills & Boon)
PORTER, T. H.—A Maid of the Malverns: a Romance of the Blackfriars Theatre. 6s. .....(Lynwood)
Queen Flora's Recollections: Being a True Synthetic Record of the Events immediately Preceding the Glorious Restoration of the Monarchy in the Year of Our Lord, 1998. 6s. .....(Elliot Stock)
REYNOLDS, MRS. BAILLIE.—Nigel Ferrand. 6s. (Mills & Boon)
ROWLANDS, EFFIE ADELAIDE.—A Girl with a Heart. With Frontispiece in Colour. 6s. .....(Ward, Lock)
SCOTT, WINIFRED MAY.—The Serpent. With 6 Illustrations from Photographs. 6s. .....(Lynwood)
SERAO, MATILDE.—The Desire of Life. 6s. ..(Stanley Paul)
STAR, MARIA.—Alistair. 5s. .....(Constable)
STEWART, EDITH ANNE.—Love—and the People. 6s. (Lynwood)
TINAYRE, MARCELLE.—The Shadow of Love. Translated by Alfred Allinson. 6s. .....(Lane)
TRACY, LOUIS.—Sylvia's Chauffeur. 6s. .....(Ward, Lock)
YORKE, CURTIS.—Miss Daffodil. 6s. .....(Long)

NEW EDITIONS.

BLYTH, JAMES.—The Penalty. 1s. net .....(Long)
BOOTHBY, GUY.—In Spite of the Czar. With Frontispiece. 6d. net .....(Long)
Letters from Hell. Given in English by Julie Sutter, with a Preface by George MacDonald, LL.D. 1s. net (Macmillan)
MARSH, RICHARD.—The Garden of Mystery. With Frontispiece. 6d. net .....(Long)
RUTTER, FRANK.—Varsity Types. With 12 original Illustrations. 3s. net .....(Heffer & Sons, Cambridge)
South Sea Bubbles. By the Earl and the Doctor. 1s. net (Macmillan)
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.—The Virginians. In 2 Vols. With 62 Illustrations by the Author and 2 Portraits. 6s. net each. .....(Smith, Elder)
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.—Mirage. 1s. net .....(Methuen)
WEBLING, PEGGY.—Virginia Perfect. 1s. net ..(Methuen)
YONGE, CHARLOTTE M.—The Chaplet of Pearls. 1s. net (Macmillan)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BLAIKIE, MARGARET.—Songs by the Way. 1s. net (Fifield)
CHILDE, WILFRED ROWLAND.—The Little City. 1s. net (Blackwell, Oxford)
DANTE, ALIGHIERI.—The Divine Comedy. Translated by C. E. Wheeler. In 3 Vols. With Frontispiece. 2s. 6d. net per Vol. .....(Dent)
DRINKWATER, JOHN.—Poems of Men and Hours. 1s. 6d. net .....(Nutt)
FALCONER, AGNES S.—Wishing Wood and Other Verses. 1s. net .....(Fifield)
FIGGIS, DARRELL.—The Crucibles of Time and Other Poems. 3s. 6d. net .....(Dent)
HEISER, HELENE.—Love Songs. 1s. net .....(Stockwell)
JEROME, JEROME K.—The Master of Mrs. Chilvers. With Portrait. 2s. 6d. net .....(Unwin)
MACNAUGHTEN, T. C.—An Old Maid's Birthday. 2s. 6d. net .....(Elkin Mathews)
MONEY, BRUCE E.—Poems. 1s. 6d. net .....(Jarrold)
MOONEY, JOSEPH J.—A Miscellany of Verse. 2s. 6d. net (Cornish Bros.)